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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Sixth Series,
Volume VII. }

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Vol. CCVI.

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WITH THE TIDE.

I WATCHED him I love going from me
 (Ah, would to God I had died) ;
 And I prayed to the great All Father
 To stay the turn of the tide.

To stay the ebb ; and he hearkened,
 And ever the waves rolled on ;
 Till meadow and garden and hedgerows,
 I could see them never a one.

For I knew that my love was dying,
 At the turn of the tide he must go,
 The soul may not leave its dwelling
 Till betwixt the ebb and the flow.

And the people who all flocked inland
 They called it a great spring tide ;
 And I listened, and joined in their sorrow,
 But I knew in my heart that I lied !

And my love, as he watched the waters,
 Sighed wearily for his rest ;
 Then I prayed once more to our Father,
 For I saw that his will was best.

As the sea went slowly backward,
 The spirit of one who had died
 Was borne on the waste of waters,
 For the soul must go with the tide.
 Academy. FLORENCE PEACOCK.

IRONY.

WHAT would the world be if the good
 ceased striving ;

Did no one stand for justice, no one say
 I am for virtue ; but the truth betray,
 Raising no protest, silently conniving ?
 Who ever lived true life by such contriv-
 ing !

Who has not longed, after some dreadful
 day,
 For night to drop its curtain on the play,
 With silent benediction all things shriv-
 ing ?

'Tis not by irony men live ; we need
 To know who are the mourners, who
 have tears ;

Who would give life for country or for
 creed,
 Not quench his own and others' fire in
 sneers.

Ah, God ! from street to street we some-
 times go
 As men in masks, and know not friend
 from foe.

Spectator.

A. G. B.

ENSHRINED.

COME quickly in and close the door,
 For none hath entered here before,
 The secret chamber set apart
 Within the cloister of the heart.

Tread softly ! 'Tis the holy place
 Where memory meets face to face
 A sacred sorrow, felt of yore,
 But sleeping now forevermore.

It cannot die ; for naught of pain,
 Its fleeting vesture doth remain ;
 Behold upon the shrouded eye
 The seal of immortality !

Love would not wake it, nor efface
 Of anguish one abiding trace,
 Since e'en the calm of heaven were less,
 Untouched of human tenderness.

JOHN B. TABB.

THERE'S one I miss. A little questioning
 maid

That held my finger, trotting by my side,
 And smiled out of her pleased eyes open
 wide,

Wondering and wiser at each word I said.
 And I must help her frolics if she played,
 And I must feel her trouble if she cried ;
 My lap was hers past right to be denied ;
 She did my bidding, but I more obeyed.

Dearer she is to-day, dearer and more ;
 Closer to me, since sister womanhoods
 meet ;

Yet like poor mothers some long while be-
 reft,

I dwell on inward ways, quaint memories
 left,

I miss the approaching sound of pit-pat
 feet,

The eager baby voice outside my door.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

CRADLE-SONG AT TWILIGHT.

THE child not yet is lulled to rest.

Too young a nurse, the slender Night
 So laxly holds him to her breast
 That throbs with flight.

He plays with her, and will not sleep.

For other playfellows she sighs ;
 An unmaternal fondness keep

Her alien eyes.

Saturday Review.

ALICE MEYNELL.

From The London Quarterly Review.
LABRADOR.¹

TEN centuries have elapsed since, according to the Saga of Erik the Red, the Norsemen discovered the coast of Labrador. A party of Vikings sailing westward to their recently formed colony in south Greenland, in the rude and clumsy craft in which these adventurous rovers scoured all the seas of the northern world, were driven out of their course by tempest, and sighted a land high and mountainous and bordered by icebergs. This was in 990. Ten years later, Lief, the son of Erik the Red, cast anchor in one of the bays on this wild coast, landed, found the country "full of ice mountains, desolate, and its shores covered with stones," and called it Helluland, the stony land. As the country was good for nothing in the estimation of the Icelandic seaman, he made no attempt to explore or colonize it, but sailed south in search of more congenial and fruitful lands. After so many centuries, a great part of the interior of Labrador still remains unexplored; a vast, mysterious region of which we know less, perhaps, than of the heart of Africa or Australia, or the shores of Siberia. The obstacles to exploration, and especially to scientific exploration, are enormous. Vast tracks of the country are strewn with massive boulders in chaotic confusion; the great

rivers are swift and broken by innumerable cataracts; a plague of black flies, not to speak of mosquitoes, renders life intolerable; game is no longer plentiful; the brief summer is soon followed by a winter the severity of which makes travel practically impossible—these are some of the difficulties which the explorers of Labrador have to overcome.

Dr. Packard gives us a bibliography of one hundred and forty-five different works dealing more or less directly with Labrador, and, in addition, a list of fifty-five works treating wholly or in part of its geology and natural history. Many of these are books of great value, though, necessarily, in not a few instances, they cover similar ground, and deal with the coast and those parts of the peninsula which have been opened up by the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Moravian missionaries. Professor Hind presents in his volume the results of his exploration of the Moisie River. McLean ventured where no other white man had set foot. The Moravian missionaries have contributed much knowledge concerning the extreme north, where their stations are situated, and science owes them a great debt. Cartwright's graphic portraiture of the Labrador coast, with its people and fauna and fisheries a hundred years ago, is a book which can never be superseded. It is now a very scarce and costly work.

Dr. Packard's volume is at once a fascinating narrative of travel and an accurate scientific text-book of the geology, botany, and zoology of Labrador, incorporating the most recent information. Complete lists are furnished of all classes of creatures—mammals, birds, fishes, butterflies, moths, beetles, spiders; of crustaceans, molluscs, star-fish, and polyps. The book leaves little to be desired as a journal of travel, and is a most important contribution to our knowledge of the coast and of the country generally.

The coast is one of stern grandeur. During the long winter it is ice-bound, the extent of the ice-fields being fifty

¹ 1. The Labrador Coast: A Journal of Two Summer Cruises to that Region. With Notes on its Early Discovery; on the Eskimo; on its Physical Geography, Geology, and Natural History. By Alpheus Spring Packard, M.D., Ph.D. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: N. D. C. Hodges. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

2. Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula, the Country of the Montagnais and Nasquapee Indians. By Henry Y. Hind, M.A., Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of Trinity College, Toronto, etc. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

3. Sixteen Years on the Coast of Labrador. By George Cartwright. In two volumes 4to. Maps, etc. Newark. 1792.

4. The Ancient and Modern History of the [United] Brethren. By David Cranz. London. 1780.

5. Periodical Accounts relating to Moravian Missions. No. 21. March, 1895. London: 32 Fetter Lane.

6. Notes of Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territories. By John McLean.

thousand square miles. It is fringed with innumerable islands, which form an almost continuous barrier against the ocean-swell, and make navigation safe for the smaller craft which hug the mainland. Long fiords intersect the coast, and run far in among the hills. Bold red syenite headlands stand perpendicularly out of the sea for hundreds of feet. Behind these rise lofty terraced mountains with rounded tops; and far back are peaks, whose sides are draped with clouds, cleaving the sky to the height of five or six thousand feet. No trace of green catches the eye, except on the sheltered sides of the fiords; but you see a patch of snow here and there, even in the summer; and, if the mountain be jewelled with great masses of labradorite, as not unfrequently happens, it flashes in the sun with a strange brilliance. Eventide brings with it a sombre beauty, a severity of glory, that is said to fill the beholder with wonder and awe that deepen into sadness.

Icebergs are common on the coast in the early summer. Stupendous masses from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height, white as Carrara marble, stand out of a sea of azure, helmeted and plumed with loveliness. They assume a great variety of shape. Some are huge white chalk-cliffs, others are floating pyramids, some resemble great cathedrals, domed and minareted, others stately warships tumbling and rolling in surf, and others again are gigantic sculptures of all imaginable forms. And the color is as various as the shape. Superb alabaster, delicate blue, pale emerald, burnished silver on the sunny side, and in the shadow "soft as satin and changeable as costliest silk; the white, the dove-color, the green playing into each other with the subtlety and fleetness of an Aurora." Here, as the deep swell rushes up and breaks on the ledges of the berg, the water grows luminous and is barred and flecked with snow; there, as we look into wave-worn caverns that pierce its sides, we seem to be peering into the mouth of a huge

sea-shell where all the glory of ineffable rose and purple blend with ivory and gold-tinted white. When the sun goes down in a pageant of color and the clear moon rises on sea and berg and wild coast, the effects are indescribably fine. Indeed for glorious sunsets, for the wonders of mirage and "ice-loom," and rainbow, for the splendor of the Aurora, we are told, there is no land like this.

Navigation is difficult and slow on account of the icepack filling the bays and channels running among the islands; but harbors are numerous, and the scientist may frequently land and pursue his studies of the flora and fauna, look into the homes of the people, observe their habits, gather information about the fisheries, and interview stray Indians as to the nature of the country that lies back from the coast, with its lakes and mountains. He can dredge in the bays for shells and marine insects, can note the rare sea-anemones and sea-pinks beautiful as any carnations, can study remarkable raised beaches and more remarkable terraced mountains.

The flora of Labrador is of special interest from the fact that Labrador is probably the oldest land surface on the globe producing a flora. In the north and east, the flora is Arctic, the remnants of the glacial flora that at one time spread over a great part of North America, when the reign of perpetual winter was supreme. This flora was pushed northward and eastward to the seacoast by the advance of the temperate forms as the glacial epoch came to a close. The flora of south Labrador is a commingling of Arctic with many Subarctic plants. The eastern valleys are filled with dense forests of dwarf alders, miniature trees the trunks of which do not exceed three or four feet in height. With these are interspersed here and there poplar, spruce, or mountain-ash, from ten to eighteen feet long. The dwarf willow, about six inches high, and several other species of willow, including *Salix herbacea* and *Salix valsamifera*, grow and offer their honey-bearing flowers

to the bees. In the glades of these Liliputian forests deep mosses flourish, the curlew-berry and dwarf cranberry ripen their fruit; the rocks are painted with the gayest of lichens, and sweet Alpine plants display their rich blooms. The transient summer lasts only six weeks. It comes without a spring, and departs without an autumn. Nature seems, while it lasts, to put forth her utmost energies to call back the loveliness which a savage winter had destroyed, to produce her blossoms and ripen her seeds. The temperature rises during the day from 64° to 68° Fahr., seldom exceeding 70°; but the nights are cold. In the south, especially, flowers are everywhere; on the banks of the streams, now swollen by the melting snow; on the ragged walls of the ravines, beneath sheltering rocks, on ocean cliffs where the salt sea foam cannot reach them; their odors stealing through secluded glens, and up hillsides which are carpeted with mosses of many hues, green and golden and carmine, and often two or three feet deep.

Here are represented the ranunculus: cruciferous flowers, like the lady's smock and the icy whitlow grass; *rosaceæ* in abundance; saxifrages like the aizoon with its silver rosettes, and the *S. oppositifolia* with its glowing constellation of rich purple; stonecrops; a few quaint orchids; twenty species of the heath family, fragrant and bee-haunted; the Alpine speedwell, and many lilies; the dwarf Arctic laurel and the Labrador tea-plant. We see in the midst of more brilliantly painted flowers, like the gentians, such world-wide wanderers as the dandelion and the silver weed of our roadsides. The wild strawberry creeps luxuriantly, intertwining itself with the honeysuckle, and not far away are the wild currant and the cloudberry. Here was a beautiful iris, a mountain trident with its simple white flower, and, in all the glory of its rose-colored petals, the willow-herb, the "fireweed," as the Americans call it, in company with the golden-rod. Deep gulches are still half

filled with snow, and their dark lips of rock smile with bright flowers. Low sedges of several kinds are in blossom; and, hidden in the greenery, are blue and white violets. We have referred chiefly to summer in the south.

The flora of northern Labrador is very scanty. The terribly bleak coast valleys west of Cape Chudleigh are either treeless or sustain forests of dwarf-birch. The tiny trunks are twisted like a corkscrew, the foliage is puny, and smoothly clipped by the wind as with a pair of shears. The willows creep along the ground among mosses in matted beds. Further inland the spruce flourishes, but never grows to any great size. Summer scarcely can be said to visit this inhospitable clime, where in July snow often falls, and northerly gales, ice-laden and awful, wither every particle of fresh green leafage; where the gardens of the missionaries must be dug out of the snow in the spring, and during the summer must be protected every night with mats, on account of the severe frosts.

Insect life is sparse on the Labrador coast. The common pests of the world are not absent, but the hum and drone and cheep of our own woodlands and meadows are not much heard. A yellow fly may flit by, an Arctic bumble-bee buzz in the bell of some flower, or a sheeny beetle sun himself on a leaf; but you never hear the strident note of a grasshopper, never see the flash of a dragon-fly; even the wasp is uncommon. If you catch a glimpse of the rare Arctic bluet butterfly you will be fortunate. Moths are more plentiful, but are so perfectly harmonized in color with the vegetation amidst which they live that it is difficult to detect them. Out of ten species of spiders collected by Dr. Packard, seven were new to science. For complete lists of all known species we must refer the lover of natural history to Dr. Packard's volume, and to the same pages for an interesting record of successful dredging along the coast in search of the plant and animal life of the sea. "Of all pleasures of a naturalist's ex-

istence, dredging," says Dr. Packard, "has been the most intense."

The avifauna of this coast deserves a longer notice than we can give it in this article; but, it may be said, that it is very abundant in individuals if not in species. Dr. Packard gives a list of two hundred and eight resident and migratory species, ranging from the golden eagle to the ruby-throated humming-bird. The eider, the loon, the coot, the curlew, the guillemot, the auk, the great northern diver, the puffin, the sheldrake, the ring-necked plover, the ptarmigan, and many others are here in their season in immense numbers; and the settlers, wearying of salt pork and dough-balls and treacle, their staple food, abandon themselves to snaring and shooting, and feasting on game. Off the coasts are bird-rocks of large size, literally white with sea-fowl, which have here their colonies. At the report of a gun, ten thousand birds will rise and flutter in the air. Formerly "egggers," schooners fitted out for the purpose of taking the eggs, visited the bird-rocks and carried away to Quebec or Montreal millions of eggs, especially of the eider-duck and the razor-bill auk, with the result that the latter bird is well-nigh extinct. The traffic is now illegal. On shore the robin sings with the thrush for companion warbler; the kingfisher displays his beauty in the marshes; woodpeckers are heard at their task in the woods; and numerous wrens build in the dense undergrowths. With these are found interesting and rare birds whose names and forms are strange to European ears.

As to the people of Labrador, the permanent residents dwell in settlements in the more sheltered creeks and fiords, or are scattered in isolated families from Bonne Esperance, on the Straits of Belle Isle, eastward to Henley Harbor, and then northward to Domino Run, and from this point still further north to the Moravian mission stations and the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. They number about eight thousand, and comprise individuals of many nationalities, in which

the British and the French Canadians predominate. The settlements are small, varying from half-a-dozen to twenty houses, built of thick boards, with flat roofs well tarred. These, with some rude fish-houses and a light wharf, constitute the fishing hamlet. The settler is poor, depending for a precarious livelihood on the harvest of the sea, which on this stormy coast is often a failure, and supplementing his fishing by hunting. But the beaver, otter, fox, wolf, and deer are yearly becoming more scarce and difficult to trap or shoot. The price of salt is high, and yet he must have it to cure his fish; and, too often, the merchant holds the whip of the truck system over his head. His fish are bartered away before they are caught, and he is hopelessly in debt. He is recklessly brave, and faces without fear the ponderous rollers from the Atlantic that break furiously on the coast. In his ugly boat, some thirty feet long—a low-masted craft, winged with heavy, amber-stained canvas, and manned with heavy oars—he displays splendid seamanship. But he has serious defects. He is improvident, thriftless, caring no more for the morrow than he cares for the angry sea, loving to idle away the latter part of the fishing season as if he were incapable of prolonged effort. Cleanliness is not one of his virtues. "Living in dirty, forlorn 'tilts,' smoked and begrimed, the occupants in some cases thoroughly harmonize with their surroundings. Their rough life is more or less demoralizing." As a matter of fact, there is very little immorality, and law and order are well maintained. The settler is religiously inclined, and, of the whole number, about one-third are Protestants, the remaining two-thirds being, nominally at least, Roman Catholics.

In addition to the permanent residents, there is a summer floating population of about twenty-five thousand, chiefly Newfoundlanders and Canadians, who come in their vessels to fish on the Labrador coast. Many of these fishermen have their wives and children with them. Their annual catch

of codfish, herring, and salmon is worth some £300,000. This does not include the value of the fish consumed by the men on duty, or retained on the coast for use during the winter, or of that sent direct to Newfoundland for shipment from thence; nor does it include the value of the catch of the Canadian fishermen, who usually carry home with them their harvest, not selling it in Labrador.

The condition of these toilers of the sea is even more deplorable than that of the settlers on the coast. Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, of the Deep Sea Mission to Fishermen, has spoken of them as a "derelict community, practically without civil, medical, or spiritual guidance." And the glimpses of them which Dr. Packard gives confirms this statement. We quote a sentence or two from "The Labrador Coast: " "Among the late arrivals was a Newfoundland fishing-smack, which had two crews on board, and with them six women, all unmarried, two of them mere girls, who lived in the same cabin with the men, but stowed away in dark holes and corners of the apartment. Everything about the interior was forlorn, dirty, greasy, and not a soul aboard had apparently washed for weeks." Again, "We went aboard one, and it was indescribably filthy, above and below; from the cabin arose a dreadful stench; the women on board, with one exception, harmonized in point of personal appearance with their surroundings." These fishermen, like the settlers, are ground down under the hateful truck system, which compels them to go to Labrador or starve, and to go in rotten vessels if sound ones are not available, which crowds men and women and children in unwholesome cabins, and is largely responsible for immorality and misery and loss of life. Dr. Grenfell says, "There are no official statistics, and official supervision is practically non-existent. In 1885, there were, I am told, twenty-seven hundred people, more than half of whom were women and children, left on this inhospitable coast, because their boats had gone to pieces in a gale, and, but for the

exceptional interference of the government, they must have remained there to perish during the winter." We cannot wonder that the Moravian missionaries who have toiled so heroically along the northern strip of the Atlantic coast of Labrador should give a doubly hearty welcome to the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, which is doing a splendid humanitarian as well as Christian work in its hospitals at Battle Harbor, and the mouth of the Hamilton Inlet, in addition to preaching the Gospel amongst the fishing fleet.

Few brighter pages are found in the history of Christian missions than those which record the work of the Moravians among the Eskimos of Labrador. A nation murderously savage, the terror of the Indians and of white men, has been transformed into a law-abiding people, among whom drunkenness is almost unknown and crime is very rare. "On the books of the six churches there stood, at the beginning of 1894, 1,369 names of adults and children, about six hundred being communicants. Of these, 1,084 were Eskimos dwelling at the stations, being 26 more than the previous year; 275 were Eskimos or settlers living at some distance from the stations. This total of 1,369 includes nearly the whole of the sparse population of the coast." There are a few heathen in the neighborhood of Ungava Bay, and in order to reach these a new station is to be formed. Testimony is borne to the excellence of the work of these missionaries by Dr. Packard, who visited Hopedale, their most southerly station. "They were a well-bred, kindly, intelligent, scrupulously honest folk." He describes the new mission-house, built of wood, red-roofed, convenient and warm; the new chapel; the servants, neat, cleanly, obedient; the piles of spruce-logs for fuel. He was gratified to find that the missionaries were men of culture, from whom he received lists of the plants and vertebrate animals of Labrador, accompanied with valuable notes. He admired their complete herbarium, and bought their collection of birds' eggs. He notes the carefully kept gardens.

He visits their homes and sanctuaries, and joins with them in religious worship. At sunset, daily, the chapel bell calls the whole community to prayer. The service lasts twenty minutes. There is an invocation or address in Eskimo; music and singing, the choir consisting of native voices, and the organ being played by an Eskimo lad. The Sabbath, too, is well observed; the reverence of the converts is very perceptible, and God is universally honored. What a transformation as contrasted with the experience of the founders of the missions at Nain in 1771, when bloodshed was common in the frays between the English traders and the savage Eskimos!

This swarthy, square-faced, dark-haired man leads a very industrious life. In the autumn we watch him hunt the reindeer in its native wilds far away in the interior; in the early spring he deftly drives his dog-sledges out on the coast ice in quest of the seal, returning to fish, first for trout in the rivers and estuaries, then for cod on the shallow banks that lie off the coast; and later, we see him after the seal again, on board his kayak gliding swiftly as a shadow over the surface of the ice-strewn sea; the temperature far below zero. The task is a most toilsome and a dangerous one; but the patient fisher waits for hours fast bound in his skiff, paddling back and forward in the bays and straits wet through with the icy spray which freezes on his kayak and his clothes. If overtaken by a storm or by darkness, he seeks some place of shelter on the coast, and there remains through the bitter night and awaits the cessation of the tempest. About Christmas, he returns from his wandering life to his home at the mission station, in order that his children may go to school, and he himself receive religious instruction. It is said that there is not an Eskimo on the coast who cannot read and write, except of course the few heathen that still linger near Cape Chudleigh.

But this race, the Eskimo of Labrador, the only pure Eskimo, is doomed.

Even the kindness and skill of the Moravians can obtain for him only a brief respite. Many children die early. The adult death-rate is abnormally high; and year by year there is sad and pathetic diminishing of this interesting people. It is not easy to say what are the causes. But probably a softer physical fibre is induced by the new and civilized conditions under which they now live. The substitution of the spade, to some extent, for the spear, and of the overheated wooden house for the snow hut may be factors in producing this rapid decay. Perhaps there may be a profounder cause—the exhaustion of vital energy resulting from the recasting of their life in forms less sensuous and more intellectual and spiritual than that of their fathers.

We pass from the coast to the interior. Central Labrador is a high plateau denuded of its softer strata, out of which stand truncated mountains. It has been planed by the action of great glaciers, which once capped it as they now cap Greenland. It has an area of four hundred and twenty thousand square miles. Its greatest breadth is about six hundred miles and its length one thousand miles. Probably four-fifths of the surface is water, lake being linked to lake over vast areas, and these are the sources of immense rivers that seek the sea on the north and south, as well as of the smaller ones that flow east into the Atlantic. The rivers are rather chains of lakes connected by rapids than continuous streams, and this would seem to indicate that the ice-cap which formerly crossed the plateau and filled up the valleys, has melted in comparatively recent ages, since there has not been sufficient time as yet for the rivers to grind down the valleys into continuous channels. The plateau is almost treeless; indeed, it is a forbidding, stony wilderness, where death reigns over the severe magnificence of its icy lakes, which reflect no shady woods, and mountains which frown away the summer and welcome the storm to their gloomy precipices—a land where no

bird sings and no Indian builds his wigwam. Language fails to depict its awful desolation. The entire surface is covered with broken masses of rock, cubes of ten or twelve feet scattered in wildest confusion. Sometimes a patch of moss and the grass and heather of this country fill up the crevices, but generally we look down into them far and deep without ever detecting the base upon which the rocks rest, hurled aloft, as they appear, by the hands of Titans. . . . None of the blocks are rounded. Attrition of no kind has influenced them to any perceptible extent, neither have atmospheric influences altered the color, hardness, and composition of their exteriors; it is simply a wilderness of unchanged blocks of the grey gneiss. Clearly frost has broken the blocks from their foothold, and prepared them for removal by another force coming into play at a later season—the thawing down-gliding snow.

Hind saw something of the sombre grandeur of the western side. Leaving the course of the Moisie, for hours he had climbed over huge boulders, and at length reached an elevation of twenty-two hundred and fourteen feet above the sea-level. We must condense his fine description of what he saw:—

The view far exceeded our expectations. A shallow depression in the horizon struck us as the dividing ridge, separating the waters which flow into the North Atlantic from those which flow into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Far to the north-east was a very high range of mountains, on whose top the snow, glistening in the sun, could easily be distinguished with a good glass. Towards the east forests of stunted trees bordered the lakes and crept a little way up the sides of the hills. I counted twenty-two large lakes, besides numerous small sheets of water. Countless erratics were scattered in every direction, and appeared to be uniformly distributed. The hillsides appeared to be covered with them, and many of them were of large dimensions. In the valleys the caribou moss covered them. Long I looked round in every direction, to see if I could distinguish any signs of animal life, but without success. No sound was audible but the sighing of the wind. Not a bird or butterfly or beetle appeared to inhabit this desolate wilderness.

Frequent reference is made in these volumes to “the burnt country.” Vast acres of forest have been, at various times, some distant, some recent, consumed by fire, and the whole country for many thousands of square miles is covered with charcoal, out of which stand blackened stumps, with an occasional little oasis of green which helps the traveller to realize what must have been the summer beauty of the country in these parts before the fire swept over it. Now he may march his party through this dead land, over miles of the burnt remains of moss, once two feet deep; and the black dust will fill his eyes and nostrils, and stain his features to the hue of a Congo negro. Imagine his steps arrested by blackened trees, or trees with the bark stripped off, white skeletons on an extinguished pyre. Think of the gliding river, haunted by the dead giants that bend over it, and wave their bare arms in ghostly reflection in the green depths. And here is a lake skirted with erratics, standing out of the black margin like so many grave-stones raised in the midst of the desolation. The dead trees around the lake were blanched white, the black sand was blown into low dunes, the surrounding hills were covered, as in contrast, with huge white rocks. There was no sign of life, except that here and there, the mosses and willows were making desperate efforts to cover the scorched and naked land with a scanty dress of verdure. The effect of this absence of life on the traveller is a feeling of melancholy so deep that the most buoyant become grave, and relapse into a silence which is broken by neither song nor laughter.

Around this immense island of burnt vegetation is a country which on the west and south has much natural attractiveness. The river valleys are very beautiful, and the voyager meets with many a delightful picture. Here is one:—

All voices were hushed, and even the paddles dipped with the utmost quietness into the water by a simultaneous impulse, as we passed some stupendous sheets of

ice, blue and white masses which glisten in the light of the evening sun. On each side of this beautiful sheet of white, fringed with delicate green, the red rocks rose stern and unchangeable. The Indians gazed with silent admiration, mechanically dipping their paddles in the water. Then, from bluish-white to exquisite rose-red, the change was instantaneous; it was like a prolonged flash of distant lightning; like the rose-colored streamer of an aurora, vivid, soft, fleeting, but fixing its image on the memory.

Again, the voyager comes to places where purple rocks rise perpendicularly, and no ray of sunlight can pierce the gloomy gorge through which he floats. He is borne on to the lovely vales where the caribou moss, the chief food of the reindeer, grows luxuriantly to the depth of two or three feet. The hills are adorned with graceful larch and birch timber, and the huge boulders are exquisitely painted with lichens, which are superbly rich. There are none like them in any other part of the world. Orange, vermilion, silver, deep bronzes, greens, and greys, in spangles, and fairy rings, and gardens of roses, mingle in bewildering beauty, and robe every harsh rock with raiment more glorious than any worn in kings' courts. Further on above them rise the mountains in grand walls of labradorite, or they slope away to the sky in cold masses of gneiss. The rivers are full of fish, and the forests are not without game, though it is scarce as compared with the abundance of former times. The moose and the caribou deer, a fleet and untamable creature, which the Indians hunt among its native pine forests with a skill beyond the imitation of white men, as their principal food, are disappearing from the valleys known more or less to the explorer.

With the moose and the caribou is disappearing the Indian of the interior of Labrador. There are two races of Indians here. The Montagnais Indians, who are chiefly found in the neighborhood of the coast, and are said to number about two thousand; and the Nasquapees, who roam in the interior, and number perhaps twenty-five hun-

dred. The former are said to be an honest, hospitable, and benevolent race, who, though spread over the whole length of the peninsula, are perfectly united in language, habits, and laws. They dwell, in winter, far up the coast valleys, and in the forest depths; coming in the summer to the coast to catch young seal and birds of passage. They are rapidly dying out, and in severe winters are literally starved to death. The game on which they depend is every year becoming scarcer in consequence of forest fires, which convert vast tracts into boulder-strewn deserts where no animal life can exist. Those who linger on the coast sealing and fishing soon lose the *verve* and strength which characterize them in the interior, and die of consumption. Nineteen-twentieths of them are Roman Catholics, and we gladly pay our tribute of admiration to the missionaries of this Church among these wilds. Their endurance, and patient labor, and devotion, are beyond all praise, as both Professor Hind and Dr. Packard testify. Many of the customs of this race are full of interest to the ethnologist, but space will not permit us to notice.

The Nasquapees live on the great tableland, and in the country west and north away to Ungava Bay. They have much in common with the Montagnais, but they differ in being of shorter and slenderer build, more sedentary, living in tents of reindeer skin, not of birch-bark like their neighbors. They are a hardy race, and show skill and taste in their dress and in adapting it to the requirements of a rigorous climate. The Nasquapee on a severe night will rear his tent, boil his kettle and provide his evening meal, wrap himself closely in his warm skin robe; and when he goes to rest will thrust his limbs into a leathern bag which is well filled with eider-down, and sleep comfortably despite the tempest and the driving snow. Many of the Nasquapees are still heathen; a few are Roman Catholics, and others are reached by the Wesleyan Methodist Mission at Rigoulette in Hamilton In-

let, the most lonely and isolated mission station on the globe—a solitary outpost one hundred miles beyond the Hopedale centre of the Moravians. The Church of England also has a station here. We fervently hope that the light which has shone on the Eskimo, and to some extent on the Montagnais, may make glad the heart of this fine race ere they melt away and become extinct.

Dr. Packard claims that the rediscovery of the Grand Falls on the Grand River is the most important geographical discovery which has taken place in Labrador since the first discovery of the cataract by white men. With some account of this we must close this article. In connection with the Bowdoin College Exploration Expedition, in the summer of 1891, a party of four, Young, Cole, Smith, and Cary, started from Rigoulette in two Russian boats, and ascended the Grand River, Cary being in charge. The first twenty-five miles of the river were traversed without difficulty. Here the struggle with falls and dangerous rapids began. The boats had to be lifted out of the water and carried up steep knolls, rising to the height of more than two hundred feet, then borne long distances through tangled woods, and down again to the river and re-launched. Rowing was often impossible, and the boats had to be towed. The labor of towing was herculean, as the river-banks were masses of jagged rock or steep forest. One of the boats unfortunately upsetting, they lost a large part of their provisions, their shot-gun, and barometer. On reaching Lake Wamekapou they found it to be a fine sheet of water forty miles long and one hundred and fifty from the mouth of the river. Owing to the loss of provisions referred to, and the fact that Young was suffering from an injured hand which began to develop serious symptoms, it was judged prudent, on the eleventh day on the river, that one boat should return with Young and Smith. This was done, and the descent to the mouth safely made in five days. Cole and Cary pushed on for sixty-five miles,

rowing and towing, until they reached a point above which navigation was impossible. Here landing, they made a *cache* of the boat, luggage, and provisions, except what was necessary for the further journey. The two dauntless explorers struck out on foot through the forest. Travelling sometimes on the high plateau, where magnificent views of the country were afforded, and at other times on the skirt of the river which here flowed through a remarkable gorge, worn out of the solid archæan rock four hundred feet in depth, and from one hundred and fifty feet to a quarter of a mile in width, they heard on the third day, August 13, a distant rumbling, and approaching the river they saw on their own level the long-sought falls, and three cheers for Bowdoin immediately mingled with the roar. The spectacle was magnificent. The mighty stream, narrowed to a neck of one hundred and fifty feet, flings itself headlong in overwhelming majesty down a sheer precipice one hundred and fifty feet in height. Rapids extend for six miles above the falls, and the river drops another one hundred and sixty feet in that distance. Below is a great gorge cut in the granite, through which the maddened river gallops for thirty miles between sheer walls from three hundred to five hundred feet high. We are sorry we cannot reproduce McLean's description of the cataract, as he, its first discover, saw it in 1839. After photographing and measuring the falls, Cole and Cary set out next day to retrace their journey of three hundred miles. They have a hungry walk to the *cache*, but they are sustained by the hope of a good meal when they reach it. Alas! to their dismay, they find nothing but charred remains. Boat, provisions, ammunition—everything is burnt to ashes; and with a handful of flour and beans, a tongue, a revolver, a small axe, a fishing-line, and a few matches, they find themselves nearly three hundred miles from the mouth of the river. The brave young fellows tramped the river bank, built rafts and floated down

many a turbulent rapid, to-day making a meal of flour and tongue, and to-morrow shooting a squirrel or feeding on wild berries, till they reached a *cache* about half-way down, where they replenished their supplies with five pounds of buckwheat and a can of tongue. On August 25, an old trapper saw two men approaching. They were shoeless and almost naked, weak with privation, and the splendid fight which they had fought with cataracts, and the forces of the forest and the mountains; but they were undaunted as ever. They were conducted to Northwest River, and thence across Lake Melville to Rigoulette, reaching there on September 1, to the great joy of anxious friends.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE LUCK OF NERI BOLDWIG.

NERI BOLDWIG was the representative of an old-established family in the manufacturing town of Millport which had existed for so many generations in the poorest possible circumstances, that no one conceived it likely for any scion of the race ever to emerge from obscurity. The fact that the present Neri distinctly favored (as the vernacular had it) the Neris who had gone before him, appeared to remove all probability of his leaving the well-worn groove, which was only not a second nature because it might be presumed to be a first one. There was therefore at first a good deal of astonishment when it became evident that Neri was getting on. He built an addition to his ancient family mansion (of two rooms) which from thenceforth was only used as kitchen and offices. In another year or two a still more palatial edifice arose; and at the time of the third addition he had (some said by means of a cheaply acquired patent) worked himself into a flourishing business at Millport; no great while after, his interest in this had increased until, from head of the firm, he had become sole proprietor. By this time the little plot of ground of which the original cottage

had occupied only a corner, was nearly covered with a series of structures, each rising above the other. This small piece of ground had been the property of the Boldwig family for centuries, as some said; and it was doubtless a proof of the possession of some quality not far removed from a virtue that had prevented any one of them, even in the periods of their greatest depression, from entertaining the idea of parting with it. The same quality may also have peeped out in the transmission of the Christian name of Neri from father to son for so many years that the holders of it were accustomed to say, "There wasn't never a day when there warn't no Neri at Millport." As a scriptural, or any other name, Neri may not be widely known; but at Millport it is doubtful whether even Yaaron (as the brother to Moses was called in the locality) would not have been a greater stranger.

About the date of the third enlargement Neri purchased an acre or two of unimproved land, lying between his house and the highroad to Millport, through which he had hitherto only enjoyed the right of way; and this land, after draining, he began to plant with evergreens and ornamental shrubs. There was a gravel-pit on the common hard by, and with the aid of this he laid out, after the most aristocratic examples that he had been able to study, a winding drive leading on to the highroad through a gate which left little to be desired. No doubt Neri, driving home from business at night, sometimes found the curves and the consequent delay exceedingly wearisome, but he was shrewd enough to be aware that every position has its drawbacks, and he was never heard to complain. Neri had now got to be looked on as a rising man. Sharp people noticed that he never went back, but always held fast to any advance, the cost of which had, no doubt, been carefully counted beforehand. Some of Neri's neighbors had in their days of prosperity built enormous mansions, from which when trade fell off they had had ignominiously to retire, and

their example may have acted as a warning. People began soon to talk of his luck, a way of depreciating the superior skill of those who beat you at everything, from billiards to business; and indeed it seemed, when once he had made a start, as if he could not go wrong. At the time at which we introduce him he was accounted a wealthy man, who, with a few more years of prosperity, promised to become a very rich man indeed.

Any one who had seen Neri in the days of his poverty (and he had been very poor) would have found little in the prosperous manufacturer to recall the dilapidated figure belaboring with an ash-plant the half-starved donkey as it drew the weekly washing (by which Mrs. Neri, in those early days, subsidized her husband's irregular earnings) through the quagmire surrounding the cottage. No doubt the difference between the two Neris was chiefly external. With the necessary exceptions most of us alter inwardly very little; and it is tolerably safe for our friends to presume, whatever the change in our circumstances, on the presence of the qualities for which we were formerly noted, and, let us hope, revered.

Neri had always had a bad temper, though he had long since learned that there were many occasions when it could not be indulged without detriment to business. Glancing from the tall hat (not too often renewed) under which his keen grey eyes kept watch, on either side of an aquiline nose, over a long beard now fast turning grey, which descended half-way to the waist of a long-skirted black frock-coat, the eye rested (and there was space for resting) on his boots. There is always a blemish in the attire of a self-made man, even when all possible reliance has been placed on the tailor. Perhaps for the reason that the bootmaker is an inferior artist, the blemish is often found in the boots. It might have been thought that Neri's feet, rather than his bootmaker, were to blame, did it not seem impossible that the feet of all policemen should be larger than

those of ordinary mortals. Neri could no more get rid of his bad temper than of his feet; but as he had learned to thrust the latter under chairs and tables to prevent their being stared at, so there were times and places when he thought it best to keep the former out of sight and under control.

We have said that the gate leading from Neri's new drive into the Millport Road left little to be desired. Yet in the eyes of some people there was a desideratum. Strangers, who were of course the only persons to notice anything, had been heard to express astonishment that this gate, when opened for the passage of the new carriage and the horses (which, if also new, were not quite so good) was always propped up with a brick, instead of the neater and more desirable catch almost universally provided for the entrance to well-appointed grounds. When the gate was closed the brick reposed with a ridiculous air of proprietorship on the well-kept gravel. It was almost impossible to avoid the impression of something uncanny. It was a blot on the trim landscape. How came it there? And when it had got there, why did it not efface itself speedily and go away?

There is a touch of superstition in most of us. The majority are more or less aware that they consider it unlucky to do, or to refrain from doing, something to which nevertheless the exigencies of fashion compel them, possibly without any after detriment. In his early days any one who gave the matter a thought would have considered Neri too shiftless for superstition; afterwards he might have been put down as too respectable; but both surmises would not improbably have been wrong. It is your shiftless man who clings to "luck," and, as we have said, however prosperity may alter us outwardly, the inner man remains much as before.

Perhaps it is going too far to say that Neri was superstitious. He had been known to walk gaily (or as gaily as he ever walked) in spring under any quantity of ladders, at the risk of having a

healthy Irish laborer descend (with a hod of bricks or a tray of mortar) on to his head; he had never been known to touch his hat (which once he would touch on any or no provocation) to a magpie; and he thought nothing of sitting down, when the dinner was good enough, thirteen at table. Yet he had his grain, and more, of superstition; none the less that he had probably never heard the word and was therefore unaware of its meaning.

It frequently happens that when a man succeeds in life some humble follower attaches himself to him, and clings, in no self-seeking or ambitious way, to his fortunes. When the humble follower is a dog, the dog stays in the kitchen when his master builds the new dining-room, and contentedly accepts, instead of the close companionship of old, any occasional recognition of which he may be thought worthy. That he does not always develop a great amount of gratitude may be owing to the fact that the recognition too frequently takes the form of a kick. This the dog is too wise to resent. Like his master, he is conscious of an improvement which he intends to hold by. *J'y suis, j'y reste*; if the kicks are harder than of old, or even a totally new feature, the bones are more and more succulent. Even for a kick he can summon, if he be a dog fond of material comforts, a good-natured grin, sometimes even a wag of the tail, which, if aggravating, is not wholly subservient. You read in his speaking eye an apology for your bad temper that makes you wish you had not kicked him. "I'm sorry for you," he seems to say; "you would not have done it in the old days, would you, master? It is the cares and deceitfulness of riches." And he lies down before the kitchen fire again, with one eye on you, and snores.

But, strange as it may seem, Neri had never had a dog, nor was there any one eager to attach himself to his rising fortunes, and even perhaps catch an occasional glimpse of the new drawing-room. In fact he had, with the exception of Mrs. Neri, who was some-

thing more, no friends at all. He would have been driven to dogs, like many other people, but in his early days there was the then impossible tax, and afterwards Mrs. Neri would not have allowed of a canine friend about the new furniture. He had shaken off the acquaintances of the old cottage, or quite as likely they had dropped him from a mistaken idea that people who rise must be proud, whereas very often they are only wretched; and the magnates who had made their fortunes slowly in the course of two or three generations looked down on him as an upstart. He felt the want of some one or something to cling to, all the more perhaps that he never showed it. The wife of your bosom is all very well, but there was little of the humble friend about Mrs. Neri. So he had to look out for an inanimate object. In making his choice he naturally sought for something that had clung to him in the old days, and his choice was unfortunately very limited. The only thing he could think of was the brick with which he used to prop up his crazy gate in the days of his poverty.

Most people have very little regard for memories of their own lives which they have left behind and below them; for such things when they concern the lives of others they have no regard at all. Chance spectators would have been moved only to ridicule had they known that the brick, apparently so secure in its position of unmerited honor, was the identical prop that had kept open the broken and unhinged gate leading to the yard and pigsties through which Neri, Mrs. Neri, and their unkempt offspring had to pass in old days when leaving or arriving at their modest home.

Formerly it would never have occurred to any of the numerous parsons who went and came at Millport during Neri's tenure of the cottage that he could be a fit, or even a possible subject for their ministrations. They may have judged rightly in thinking that any attempt to enlighten his dark mind would be to throw pearls before swine; but whether they were right or wrong,

Neri grew up, as his father and grandfather had grown before him, without any knowledge of religion at all. Possibly had there been a Salvation Army in those days his soul (such as it was) might have been considered worth saving, or at any rate beating a drum over. When the days of frock-coated prosperity arrived, no parson would have taken the liberty of supposing that any enlightening process could be requisite. So Neri, though he subscribed after more or less worrying, and went to church on great occasions—when he occupied his rented seat with an air of earnest respectability, due no doubt to the fact that he was thoughtfully planning out his week's work—was in reality little better, if indeed he was not in some respects worse than a heathen. But the great aid to parsons in inculcating the truths of the Gospel, and without which their labors would rarely have any practical result, is the fact that every human breast is more or less a garden prepared by nature for the reception of the seed. Never a poor savage but, before the advent of missionaries, had his fetish, the conception of the personality of which was lower or higher according as he himself was more or less debased. It would be a mistake to suppose that these idolaters were not quite as much in earnest as the more civilized worshippers who have superseded them, since ignorance enabled them to accept the absurdest of creeds with a faith unknown to the majority of educated Christians. Neri had recently developed into a veneered savage. There are thousands of such in England within a stone's throw of the churches; and, like that of other savages, his nature demanded a substitute for the religion which no one had brought him; only in a Christian country, since there is no recognized substitute for Mumbo Jumbo, must every savage work out a superstition of his own. Neri had not been carried far on the tide of prosperity before he began to attribute some of his luck to the only thing that he could recall as having been in constant attendance on his fortunes. In time he became firmly

convinced that his brick (if not exactly a tutelar deity) was a sort of talisman. It was characteristic of him that in feeling this he never dreamed of hedging the brick round with any safeguard, which would perhaps have broken the charm. Superstitious people are generally a little reckless; the brick must take its chance. But Neri was surprised to find that he was more than irritated, that he even felt a shudder as of suggested sacrilege, at the slightest hint of its removal. There had indeed been plenty of such hints. Every man worth knowing, or at all events worth writing about, has a secret from his wife; and Mrs. Neri never imagined that her unceasing requests that "the thing" might be removed were so many invitations to her, not unloving if hot-tempered, husband to turn and rend her. The local carpenter for a long time never did a job at the house without asking if he might be allowed to put up the new "catch," which he had prepared in the certainty of its eager acceptance. When he went on to mention, as he always did, that the cost was exceedingly trifling, Neri glared at him as if to ask what he knew about it. Neri had not the reputation of being a mean man, so not even the carpenter (who had) supposed that it was a question of expense. At last the carpenter gave up worrying, as every one must sooner or later, and about the same time the neighbors gave up noticing. "If he likes his brick," said the carpenter, with an intention of withering sarcasm, "let him have it." There was no doubt that Neri liked it.

So things had gone on for a long time, the brick to all appearance neither getting better nor worse, when one day Neri came home from the Works in a bad temper. This was often the case, though, or perhaps because, he had seldom anything to put him out. No doubt he was getting spoiled, as indeed happens to most of us who are blessed with a run of unbroken prosperity. He had been obliged to return on foot, as Mrs. Neri for a wonder was using the carriage.

and the fact of having to walk (though the distance was nothing, and exercise almost a necessity to a man of his previous habits) always annoyed him intensely. He was indeed generally so cross at having to go a-foot, that Mrs. Neri seldom allowed herself to take what she called carriage-exercise, preferring, as she was too stout to walk, to stay at home rather than meet her husband's sour looks on her return. She had done her best to adapt herself to her new honors, and not all unsuccessfully. She sat with folded hands in her drawing-room (not even allowing herself to darn stockings, an art at which she was an adept) when she would greatly have preferred being useful in the kitchen. Even when she rode in the new carriage she was in her inmost soul longing for the old donkey-cart in which she had been accustomed to take out the washing, even though her beloved Neri should be lying in wait for her return (as in old days had been his unvarying custom) to relieve her of the fruits of her toil.

Neri, as we have said, was in a bad temper, and on reaching the gate leading to his mansion his ill-humor was aggravated by finding it left open. A few years ago it would have mattered little if any stray horses or cattle had taken a fancy to trespass on the rushy pasture that surrounded the Dovecote; but to do so now was to invoke the utmost rigor of the law. The gate was of course propped on its familiar brick, and Neri for the first time in his life was conscious of feeling irritated at the appearance of his humble friend. There comes a day when the broadcloth of our new-born grandeur revolts from the honest and long-discarded corduroy. "Ain't hardly good enough," Neri found himself muttering. Instead of removing the brick with his usual care, he kicked it from under the gate with all his might. The gate swung smoothly away from its unstable support, but as soon as he had recovered from the feeling of having broken his foot into twenty pieces (for he had forgotten that his boots were less adapted for these freaks than in old

days) he saw to his horror that the brick was broken in two. It had had a hard life, and a time comes to everybody and everything when they need care; unfortunately this is too often the period when care and attention are withdrawn. Feeling as if he had committed the unpardonable sin, Neri hastily stooped down, and taking up the two fragments carefully, and with looks than which nothing could have conveyed a more abject apology, fitted them together again. Not only did he feel mean, but he was afraid. Happy the man who has never felt that he would give everything he is possessed of to recall the act done so thoughtlessly, even so gaily perhaps, a minute ago. It was a summer evening, and the unfortunate man was aware of two holes in the surface of the upper portion of the brick which he had never noticed before. These to his distorted fancy took the shape of angry and malignant eyes. The brick remained upright when he replaced it in its old position, but the fracture took the form of a mouth whose lips wore an expression of angry derision. Neri took a long and piteous survey of it, as we survey the irrevocable past; and then, not seeing that he could mend matters, walked home.

Arrived there it was speedily evident to the inmates that something had gone wrong. Neri had indeed the feeling, which many people have yet survived to laugh at, that the great misfortune of his life was impending; above all he was conscious of having endangered the happiness of his wife and daughter by his fit of petulant anger. His dinner was left untouched, and even the generally successful attempts of his daughter to restore his good temper were unavailing. Caddie was herself in capital spirits. Within the last few days she had engaged herself to a young man whose family, though not very wealthy, had been respectable for quite a generation, and this meant a step up the social ladder. In consequence she was a little inclined to give herself airs, which her father, so limited was his experience, considered

playful and engaging. They were indeed of a quality a shade more artistic than those with which Mrs. Neri had captivated his youthful and not very fastidious fancy; but to-day he was thinking them affected and even vulgar. If Neri ate nothing he made up by drinking more than usual, and far more (as Mrs. Neri remarked to Cad-die, as they waited in fear and trembling in the drawing-room), than was good for him. When at last his wife went in to see him, she was moved by a new-born humility which sat ill upon him. Her indirect attempts to obtain a hint of what ailed him were unsuccessful, or she would have disturbed him yet more by laughing at his fears. At last he went to bed, but not before he had been caught in the act of unbolting the front door, hat in hand. He desisted as soon as he heard the voice of his wife, who had been on the lookout—"My! Neri, where ever are you a-going to?"—and re-fastening the door he went up-stairs, taking his hat with him. It was evident he had intended to go out, but whither? In bed Mrs. Neri, who pretended to be asleep, was soon aware that Neri was also pretending. Once she heard a groan. "What ails the man?" she thought, but she said nothing, and towards morning he fell into an uneasy slumber. In his troubled sleep the brick, personified in the daytime, became even more human. He started from his dream, shuddering at the malevolent expression on his old friend's face. "I'll be unlucky," he murmured, as he turned over in a cold sweat, "and serve me right; Mr. Neri, you're done for!"

Next morning he started for the Works, feeling dull and depressed. It was absurd, he was sagacious enough to be aware, but how could he help it? Unhappy people are perhaps not sufficiently grateful for the fact that their experience prepares them for even the most unexpected calamities. When the carriage arrived at the gate Neri felt but little astonishment at perceiving that the brick was gone; there are insults, he acknowledged, which are

necessarily fatal to the oldest and most friendly alliance.

In fact the groom (a new servant) had discovered earlier in the morning that the plague of his life had disappeared. "The dashed old brick!" he exclaimed, as he rubbed his hands together with glee. "By gum, Mr. Neri, you'll now have to get something better." Arrived within a few yards of the gate he checked his horse, and handing the reins to his master jumped down and held it open while Neri drove through. "Needn't have taken it so spiteful," the latter was thinking, "it might surely have known as I didn't mean nothing." "Brick's been sneaked, sir," said the groom as he climbed back into his seat. "A good thing it's gone; it wanted something better to hold." His master glared on him with a look of concentrated fury: "Something better!" he thought, "something better! The fool doesn't know what he's talking about." Even the stolid groom was surprised at the anger he had unintentionally evoked. "Storm in a blessed teacup," he muttered.

Arrived at the Works, Neri was met by his manager, with a face as long as his own. "Bad news this morning, sir, I'm sorry to say." "I knew it," returned Neri absently. "Beg your pardon, sir, but have you heard anything?" "Oh! nothing, Mr. Singleton; please go on. Bad news, I think you said? Well, I suppose" (with a swagger which he felt to be a contemptible pretence) "we can stand a bit or two of bad news." "No doubt, sir, but Corbet and Skinner have failed in New York. It was too late to stop the last consignments. I'm at my wits' ends to know what to do. I'm afraid from what this says" (and he laid his hand on a paper which he had placed on Neri's desk) "that it means a regular smash-up, and what that will cost us you know as well as I do." "I knew it," Neri repeated like a man in a dream, to his manager's astonishment. Then he hastily cast up in his head the amount for which the American failure would let him in. "By

gum," he said aloud at last, going back to a long discarded, but once favorite adjuration, "it's ten thousand if it's a penny!" To himself he said, "It means going back." He thought over all the people he had known who had overbuilt themselves, and had to go back; of these he had always assured himself he would not make one.

The long day passed in verifying losses and accounts, and overlooking with the least possible interest the work which must still be carried on though unlikely to be any longer remunerative. The carriage arrived at the usual hour, and when work was over he went home. During the day the groom had not been idle. Being a handy man, he had spent his spare time in fixing a catch which he flattered himself would at least be preferable to the lost brick; but he was much disappointed, and not a little surprised, at the effect of his work on his employer. "What's this?" roared Neri, putting his hand roughly on the reins, and bringing the horse on his haunches. "Who told you to put up this d—d thing?" Then descending far more rapidly than was his wont, "Go home," he screamed, "go home!" As soon as the carriage was out of sight round the first turn, Neri set to work to pull up the new fixture. It was anything but an easy task, but he succeeded at last. All at once it yielded to his frantic efforts, and he fell on his back with his feet in the air, holding the trophy in his clenched hands; when he recovered himself he threw it away with an oath among the bushes.

"Queer old fish," said the groom, as he drove home. "Mean as dirt, too; vexed about them brick ends."

While Neri was making a hasty toilette, his wife, who had seen the carriage come home without him, came into his dressing-room. "O Neri, how can I tell you!" she burst forth. "What's the matter, woman?" he roared, laying down his hair-brushes. "Do you suppose I haven't heard enough about it? Let it rest." "How can you have heard about it, Neri?" she replied. "We only knew it our-

selves by afternoon post." Then Neri knew that there was yet another trouble to face, and permitted her, though without feeling much interest, to tell her story. It seems Caddie had quarrelled two or three days ago with her young man, and quarrels, the Eton Latin Grammar notwithstanding, are not always renewals of love. In the present instance the reverse had been the case, and young Tom Braithwaite had written to say that, as it appeared they were unable to get on together, the engagement had better be off. Poor Caddie of course was the more distressed, as she was aware that the rupture was entirely caused by her own ill-temper. "It is her fault, I fear," said poor Mrs. Neri. "She has too much of your temper, and —" "Stop, woman!" cried Neri, taking up his brushes again with trembling hands. "What do I care about your marryings and givings in marriage? I shall have to close the Works; Corbet and Skinner have failed. Temper! Yes; I've my infernal temper to thank, and if Caddie has it too, it's all in the family." "The tongue is a little member, truly, Neri," his wife commenced, "but —" "A little member!" said Neri, protruding an enormous foot, and examining it with some attention. "A little member! Serves me right, serves me right." "He's off his head with trouble," said the good woman to herself, "and no wonder; him as has had no troubles for so long!" Then aloud, "Neri, my love, be calm. Neri, let me entreat you —" "Entreat be d—d!" shouted Neri coarsely. "Go away, woman, go away."

How the next few days passed Neri could not have told; he went to and fro between the Works, but scarcely spoke a word. There was a way through the shrubbery and across the fields which had been unused since he had set up his carriage, and by this he now made his journeys; the sight of the gate would, he felt, have been too much for him. He had heard nothing more from America, and indeed expected nothing but corroboration of the first reports; and for this he had so far

prepared that some of his workmen were already under notice to quit. He had no doubt that his agent's failure would cripple him for years, even if it did no more. He had not even the comforting knowledge that he was not himself to blame for his misfortunes. "I am a fool," he was always thinking, "an ungrateful fool. I've chucked away my luck." The worm had turned with a vengeance; and than this turning nothing can possibly make a bully feel more mean or more foolish.

One morning Mrs. Neri, much against her wish, was obliged to make a short journey; and seeing the carriage at the door, Neri, more from habit than intention, got in and took his seat beside his wife, telling her she could put him down at the Works. Hardly had the carriage started before he remembered; but it was too late to get out now, though he murmured something about "going by the fields." As they approached the drive-gate, he began to turn away his head. No, he could not turn it away; he must look, though with a pretence of not looking. But what was it he saw? He rubbed his eyes and looked again. The brick had returned!

"Stop!" he called out to the groom who was as much surprised as his master, thinking, "The durned old brick again; some fool's brought un back, same as took it away, I s'pose." "Thank the Lord!" ejaculated Neri fervently, as after a brief pause the carriage drove on. "Give us a kiss, old woman," he went on, and taking his portly better half in his arms, he kissed her loudly then and there. "Things'll come round all right, ducky," he whispered. "Don't you fret no more. I'm as jolly as a sand-boy." The groom's first words when he got home were: "If the gov'nor ain't cracked, I'll eat him. A-kissin' the missus down yonder by the gate, as if he hadn't never seen her afore! And blamed if the old brick ain't turned up again."

When Neri arrived rather late at the Works, with a weight lifted off his heart, his joyful looks were once more reflected on the manager's face. The

latter came forward beaming, and made as if he would almost have shaken hands with his employer. "I am happy to tell you, sir," he said, following his master with beaming face into his private room, "that the scare about Corbet and Skinner turns out to be immensely exaggerated. There was a little trouble, but, as you will see by this letter" (placing one on Neri's desk), "they seem already to have quite recovered." The manager stopped speaking, and glanced at Neri, expecting to see him throw his hat into the air, or show his delight in some other way, but the face of the manufacturer expressed but little surprise. "I thought it 'ud all come right," he said coolly, and rather to his manager's disgust, who muttered under his breath, "Then I wish to goodness you'd behaved as if you thought so." However, affectation of that sort was in so great a man excusable if not unavoidable. In after days Neri's reputation gained greatly by the report of the cool way in which he received the information that the ruin he had accepted was averted: "A cool hand, that Mr. Neri; nerves like iron; never don't turn a hair for nothing."

As Neri walked home (for the last time, as he hoped), across the fields, his heart felt quite soft. "I've had a narrow shave," he said to himself, "but I'll mind my temper better in future. By gum! it would almost have served me right, but I'm let off for this time;" and he laughed, rubbing his huge hands together in his glee. As he entered his own grounds he was aware of his daughter, who seemed, however, to wish to avoid him. "Poor Caddie," he thought; "no wonder she don't want to meet such a bear as I've been lately;" and he actually, for once in his life, felt ashamed to have been so completely engrossed with his own troubles. Caddie might have been aware of his self-reproaches, for she approached shyly and, to her father's surprise, with a smile on her lips. "She's trying to carry it off so as not to worry me," he thought, rebuking himself again for his selfishness. When

she got nearer he felt inclined to think she had heard the good news which he hoped to have been the first to tell her. Yet no; as he marked the rosy blush that suffused her homely but pleasant face, Caddie's eyes had no thought of business in them. "Daddy," she said, "I have good news. Tom and I have made it up again. It was all my fault; that nasty temper! I've vowed not to give way to it any more." It was as if the girl had said, "Rejoice with me, for I have found a treasure that I had lost." And Neri rejoiced. "What a goose I am," he thought, as he passed his rough hand across his eyes. "It's a droll thing, my dear," he said, "but I've just been and made the same vow. We'll see who can keep it best," and he looked down bashfully at his enormous boot, the foot inside which had scarcely yet recovered from its injuries.

That evening there was truer happiness at the Dovecote than for many days, if ever before. When Mrs. Neri's heart had been made glad with the knowledge of the relief which had come to her husband, it somehow did not seem strange that he should stroll down the drive towards the gate. He walked as if on air, and with what different feelings from those of the other day! He had brought it all on himself, he knew; he had deserved all his trouble and anxiety,—and he had been mercifully forgiven! If only he could somehow show that he was not ungrateful; "Not such a brute as it thinks me," he put it to himself. It was almost dark as he approached the spot where the outline of the brick was just visible, crouching, like a vast toad, in its old position by the border; but, by the light of the match which he lost no time in striking, he could see that the malicious and evil expression had passed away, and was replaced by a smile of sarcastic good humor. Carefully lifting the two fragments from the ground he raised them to his lips, and imprinted on them a more fervent kiss than he had ever bestowed on human being.

Neri had never, as we have said, been religious. Superstition had stood

in the place of the higher emotion, to which the transport that swept over his heart at that moment was, however, akin. He would have liked to ask a blessing; but had he not got one without asking? His good fortune, he gratefully felt, was secure; the brick could take care of itself and of him. His heart was, after all, not without the affection which, as one of our great poets has taught us, is an aid to prayer, if not a substitute for it:—

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;

and from these great and small things there was no reason, that Neri could see, why his brick should be excluded. It was characteristic of the man that he never inquired, and indeed would have been shocked at the idea of inquiring, by what agency his talisman was removed, and by what brought back at this crisis of his fortunes. It is not certain that he did not believe the brick had taken itself away; and it is extremely fortunate for the self-respect of superstitious people that their nature does not lead them to consider their superstitions too curiously. But before we laugh at Neri, we should remember that an unreasoning faith, which refuses to hear any evidence or argument against its favorite doctrine, was until recently considered a desirable quality. Even now there are those who can see very little difference between unbelief and inquiry.

Neri is a great man now, and this episode occurred years ago. Those who pass his house will still, we trust, see the brick in its old position; and should they in their ignorance feel some surprise at its inappropriateness, Neri will be quite content to let them wonder.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
OUR LAST WAR WITH THE MAHSUDS.

THE Durand Mission of November, 1893, proclaimed *urbi et orbi* the reconciliation of viceroys and ameer of the governments of India and Afghanistan.

It was a mission of peace and goodwill, which brought honors and rewards to all its members—including that important functionary, their cook. It saved Lord Lansdowne's administration from the allegation that his foreign policy had been a failure, and that his costly frontier wars and expeditions had produced no results except the further impoverishment of an already impoverished empire.

In the general jubilation which ensued upon the renewal of friendly relations with the ameer of Afghanistan and the settlement of the outstanding boundary disputes between his kingdom and India, it was too hastily assumed that the era of frontier wars was now over. It was believed that Lord Lansdowne's successor—the nominee of the pacific Gladstonian government, which abhorred the blood-guiltiness of these purposeless expeditions—would have no occasion to test the efficacy of the military machine which Lord Roberts's enlightened persistence had raised to a pitch of human perfection unknown in the annals of England or India. But there is a vast difference between the fixation of a boundary on paper and its delimitation in the field. The astute ameer, when he finally conceded to us the boundary line which we had so long claimed, and agreed that a joint commission should forthwith mark it out by pillars, knew that the erection and maintenance of this Great Wall of India would cost us millions. He foresaw, too, that the process of taking effective possession of the country between India's actual and newly defined political frontier would be a work of slow assimilation, which would give Lord Roberts's splendid weapon full occupation for many years to come, and well-nigh exhaust the struggling finances of our Indian dependencies.

The mission successfully concluded, the honors distributed, the chief actors dispersed, the reins of government were taken up by a new viceroy, Lord Elgin, supported by new pillars of the State in his Council, all men of peace who hated wars and annexations. The Jingo of

northern India—and their name is legion—were depressed. No more Black Mountain promenades, Orakzai expeditions, Samana annexations, and Manipur disasters, and consequential retribution. No more costly "little wars," and still costlier preparations to resist invasion by Russia in the construction of vast fortified positions, strategic roads and railways, upon our north-west frontier; nothing now but to practise a rigid economy in every branch of the administration, and to mark time in the works begun or nearly completed at Attock, Rawalpindi, and Quetta. Even the expensive and time-honored system of biennial or triennial reliefs was to be superseded by one which rooted the soldier to one spot for long years. And so the new era of retrenchment and unostentatious internal progress began, and for a time it seemed as if the wishes of the Gladstonian Cabinet would be fulfilled. True, they had to demarcate India's new political frontier, and must do so quickly, else the mood of the inconstant ameer might change, or his death give place to chaos. Well, the work would be done quietly, being preceded by patient negotiation with the tribes, each section of the frontier being marked out by a civil commissioner, escorted by a small force for police purposes and no more. However, for the fulfilment of the programme, two preliminary conditions were necessary, and both were wanting. The co-operation or acquiescence of the hill tribes concerned had to be secured, and the old exasperating practices of the forward school had to be discontinued. Naturally the sectional headmen of the hill tribes were ready to take our rupees, and to promise to use their influence with their fellow-clansmen. But—but that influence was often small, because rude, independent peoples are only amenable to the stick, and their headmen had no sticks. Then, as to exasperating practices, the viceroy was new, and his foreign secretary was new, and both had multitudinous duties to perform, and both failed to see that the

British ægis has no inherent power in wild tracts except when it is visible in the shape of troops ready to kill, burn, and destroy, if a hostile shot is fired.

It has been well said that our frontier wars, including the one now happily over, and the other still in progress, arose from the practice of sending "two men and a boy" to trail their coats among savages. In such cases the *civis Britannicus sum* was expected to be their protection, but wild mountaineers do not understand Latin. Had not a British subaltern and ten sepoys been sent to Chitral, there would have been no Chitral Relief Expedition, and India would have been saved the loss of a million sterling or more. Had not Mr. Kelly, a public works overseer, with a couple of mounted orderlies, been sent fooling about the Gumal Pass, they would not have been shot, and the hurly-burly of the rush of five hundred Mahsud Ghâzis through the boundary commissioner's camp in the Wana plains might not have occurred, and the truculent Mahsuds might still have boasted that they had never been conquered.

The Mahsuds have always been a thorn in the flesh to us. Of all the wild highlanders inhabiting the mountains immediately beyond the strip of Trans-Indus plains which is part and parcel of British India, they are the rudest, poorest, and most ignorant. The latter two qualities account for their extreme fanaticism. They belong to a great tribe called Wazirs, which is split up into two divisions — the Darwesh Wazirs to the north, and the Mahsud Wazirs to the south. Between the two there is chronic feud, for their highlands are barren and their mouths many; hence the hungrier and hardier Mahsuds try to swallow up the weaker Darweshes. The Mahsud country consists of a block of sterile mountains, stony torrent-beds, and still stonier uplands lying immediately west of the British districts of Bannu and Dera Ismail Khan. The whole area of Mahsud-land is about half that of Wales. The Mahsud tribe or division, with which we are here concerned,

occupies the southern half of that area. Their central stronghold is a mountain mass called Pir Ghal (meaning hoary chief), with an elevation of eleven thousand eight hundred and fifty feet. By the 1893 agreement with the ameer, the whole tract was acknowledged to be within our political frontier, with the exception of a finely wooded and comparatively valuable district called Birmall, which his Highness decided to be within the limits of his kingdom.

The fighting strength of the Mahsuds — that is, the manhood of the tribe, or all males above fifteen years of age — is computed to be about ten thousand. Of that number, perhaps three thousand possess antiquated matchlocks and two hundred to three hundred rifles of sorts, including eighty to one hundred breech-loaders. The arms of the rest are only swords and knives. Their various clans acknowledge a loose obedience to their sectional *maliks* or leaders. Tribal organization there is none. They live in caves and holes, and occasionally stone huts. In their whole country there are only three villages — those of Razmak, Makin, and Kaniguram — in all of which are a few stores kept by dependants. Some of the tribesmen cultivate patches here and there in the alluvial soil near the torrent-beds, but collectively the Mahsuds are shepherds and petty traders, exchanging fir-poles, dwarf-palm matting, skins, *ghi* (clarified butter), and sheep and goats, for grain and piece-goods obtained in British territory. Major Macaulay, who was deputy commissioner of Dera Ismail Khan in the seventies, bribed some of the more civilized Mahsuds into growing potatoes, and for several years Mahsud early potatoes were much appreciated in the frontier messes. In the winter their young men crowd down into the plains in search of work. They make good navvies, and will be useful when the railway is extended Trans-Indus to Bannu or Tânk. They are a lean, wiry, keen-visaged people, with a peculiarly wolfish, hunted expression, due probably to poor feeding and the sharpness of the struggle for

existence, from which no section of the tribe is exempt. The Mahsud is a veritable Ishmaelite—his hand is against every man and every man's hand is against him. Though collectively thieves and robbers by hereditary calling, with the Gumal Pass just south of them as a happy hunting-ground throughout the winter, they have some virtues which civilized man frequently wants. They are individually brave and fearless of death, and they are very particular about the honor of their women. A faithless wife has her nose cut off, and sometimes her lips split as well; the adulterer, if he can be caught, is either killed or has a foot or leg lopped off. Our officers, by the way, in the late expedition were struck by the number of maimed men they saw in Mahsudland. On inquiry they found that the legless ones were only local Don Juans, who had been tried and convicted for loving "not wisely but too well." Public opinion approves of mutilation as a deterrent, but sometimes permits an affair, if the lady concerned was not yet married, to be arranged, the injured father, brother, or *fiancé* accepting so many sheep or goats as full satisfaction to his wounded honor. I well remember, about twenty-five years ago, when interested in hill customs, receiving at the same time in my bungalow at Bannu five women, all of whom had recently lost their noses, and two of them had also had their lips slashed. They had come in to have their mutilations repaired. Nose-making is quite an art in Bannu. The operator cuts loose an oblong piece of skin from the forehead and twists it round over what remains of the bone of the nose, keeping the nostril passages open with quills; or he takes the skin for the new nose from each cheek, the two pieces of skin overlapping or meeting about the bridge of the nose. Eventually a fairly good snub-nose is formed, and nothing but a cicatrix is visible on forehead or cheeks.

However, this is not a paper on Waziri surgery or social customs, but on our last war with the Mahsud

Wazirs. Our relations with them have been from the first until December last like those of a timid *shikāri* with a tiger whom he has wounded but funks, and yet wishes to kill or capture. Up to 1860 they harried, without let or hindrance from us, the camel caravans of the Powindahs during their annual migrations to and from India through the Gumal Pass. In that year, these Mahsuds—bold from long impunity, and impelled to looting from hunger—attempted to sack our frontier town of Tānk. The raiders were easily repulsed. A punitive force entered their hills to chastise them; but our standing camp was surprised at Palosin, much in the same way as occurred the other day in the Wana plain, as we shall see presently. After that our troops marched in compact masses through the Mahsud hills and glens, did an infinitesimal amount of damage, and finally withdrew. We retired, satisfied with the moral victory of having "lifted their *purdah*," as the phrase goes—i.e., quartered their country with our columns. But the real victory lay with the highlanders. They had killed and wounded about four hundred of our men, and had refused to submit. For the next twenty years we contented ourselves with what is called "blockading" them, by which is meant that we captured and imprisoned any Mahsuds we could catch in British territory. The only difference which the blockade made to them was, that they bartered their products with us through friendly lies instead of directly. All this time our bill against them was mounting up, until at last in 1881, we launched another expedition against them; but again we failed to give them punishment, and as they complied with our very easy terms, our troops retired into British territory, after an almost bloodless campaign.

The following years witnessed a new departure upon our north-west frontier. The old "close border" system was superseded by a vigorous forward policy all up and down the six hundred miles of frontier. The Gumal Pass was opened; outposts were established in

It; the Mahsud headmen solemnly bound themselves to renounce looting the Powindah caravans as they straggled down the pass, and to accept compensation in money instead. In addition, Mahsud levies were enlisted to garrison some of the posts and act as escorts or guides to traders. Superficially the new arrangement worked well at first—at least official reports said so. The experiment of setting thieves to catch thieves, wolves to guard lambs, was pronounced a success. The dreaded pass was now as safe as Bond Street. In July, 1893, an overseer named Kelly was sent up it, slenderly escorted, and was of course shot. Other outrages followed. We demanded satisfaction, and after long negotiations the Mahsuds surrendered the men accused of Mr. Kelly's murder, on the condition that they should have a fair trial by *jirga* (jury), *à la mode* Mahsud. To the surprise and consternation of their friends, three of the accused were condemned to seven years' imprisonment each. The blood of the clans was up at such a travesty of justice. What! for shooting a *Sahib* and his two orderlies three free mountaineers were to be shut up for long years in a furnace-like gaol in the plains, and were possibly to be subjected to the indignities of leg-irons and grinding corn—the task-work of common women! Such a sentence was intolerable—was beyond the powers of a *jirga*. A fine was the right sentence; that they could have paid in women and goats, but imprisonment with hard labor was a disgrace to free men.

The malcontents bided their time, and their time soon came, for the government decided to delimit the Waziri boundary in conjunction with the representatives of the ameer of Afghanistan. It was to be a peaceful delimitation, for government abhorred the idea of carrying out by force a measure which was for the good of all concerned—Wazirs, Afghans, and ourselves. After some negotiations with the Mahsud chiefs, the government was assured by Mr. Bruce, its boundary commissioner, that no organized opposition

would be offered by the Mahsuds to the work of the commission, provided that a sufficient military escort was furnished for his safety. Arrangements were accordingly made. A brigade of native troops twenty-five hundred strong was detailed for escort purposes, and concentrated in a corner of the Wana plain on October 24, last, whilst a reserve of equal strength was held in readiness at Derah Ismail Khan, a British cantonment on the Indus about one hundred heavy miles to the east of Wana.

This Wana is as large as Haddington. Rightfully it was the property of the Darwesh Wazirs, but their hungry cousins the Mahsud Wazirs coveted its scanty grass and brushwood for their own goats, and so it had become a sort of No-man's Land, and had long been on occasion a battle-field between the two tribes. It is as profitless and forbidding a bit of country as any part of that abomination of desolation, Baluchistan. Wherein, then, lay its attraction? Had it inhabitants, villages, vegetation? It had none of these things, and yet three years ago we nearly went to war with the ameer for sending levies down to occupy it, and the Mahsud and Darwesh Wazirs have fought for the last fifty years for its possession. It lay between the Mahsud highlands and the Gumal Pass, hence marauding gangs had to traverse it to reach the pass. It was thus chiefly valuable as a route, and in a secondary sense as a grazing-ground. It has, however, potentialities, for a stream called *Toi* runs through it, and where there is water in that thirsty land crops can be grown.

The work of delimitation was to begin at a place called Domandi, the point of junction of the Gumal and Kundar streams. But instead of marching direct there, the commissioner and his "escort," went north, and established themselves in a standing camp in a corner of the Wana plain, forty miles away from Domandi. The idea seems to have been that Wana not being *de jure* Mahsud territory, but close to it, that law-abiding tribe would not attack us outside their own limits,

whilst our camp would be conveniently near their homes to permit of *jirgas* or large deputations visiting Mr. Bruce — in fact, instead of ordering the Mahsuds to come in to us or take the consequences, we obligingly treated them as Mohamed did the mountain, and went to them. An amicable arrangement having been concluded, Mr. Bruce was to start for Domandi with an escort of a few hundred sepoys and carry out his demarcation work, whilst the main body of the "escort" would remain intrenched where they were, or would move along on inner lines as the commissioner worked northwards — thus forming a sort of shield and strong defence for him against possible attack from Mahsud-land.

It was a pretty idea, but it was not business. A standing camp pitched amidst ravines and close to the mouths of the passes leading into the Mahsud highlands was certain to invite attack, and was the surest possible, though unintentional, device for forcing the hand of government and bringing on an expedition. To suppose that a hungry crowd of hereditary robbers would swarm day after day about an extended and badly placed camp and not make plans for getting possession of the good things with which that camp was full, was to credit the Mahsuds with powers of self-denial which would have done honor to civilized Westerns. In that camp were hundreds of baggage-camels, rows upon rows of horses and mules, hundreds, nay thousands of breech-loaders, and, it was believed, many chests full of rupees, all loot worth risking life for in the eyes of Mahsuds. However, Mr. Bruce had faith in the assurances of his motley groups of visitors, and believed their headmen, who said that their people were led by them; and had not these leaders promised to let the delimitation be peacefully effected?

So confident was he that there would be no serious combination against us, that, to be more easily accessible to his visitors, he had his own tents pitched well to the rear of the main camp. General Turner, who commanded the

"escort," had less faith in the good intentions of the wily Mahsuds, and took precautions against a surprise.

From the 24th to the end of October there were few signs that mischief was brewing — some prowlers did a little sniping at night into the camp, that was all. The general was assured, even up to the end of October, that no attack in force was to be apprehended. He was then advised that a holy impostor called Moolah Powindah had collected some hundreds of malcontents in the Khsara glen, about twelve miles from the camp, but that the Moolah and his followers were discountenanced by the tribe generally; and even if their numbers increased to one thousand, what could they do against twenty-five hundred soldiers?

General Turner was not convinced. He had long experience of the frontier tribes, and knew how silently and rapidly their "fiery cross" system could be worked. There might be as yet only a few hundred malcontents in a valley a few miles from his camp, but these numbers might grow in a night from five hundred to five thousand and yet the political officers know nothing about it. By the 1st of November even Mr. Bruce had grown less confident; the holy Moolah's following was undoubtedly growing, might now number one thousand, or at the outside twelve hundred; he meant mischief, and he had with him hundreds of sympathizers with overseer Kelly's murderers, all thirsting for revenge; yet still, what could they do, only twelve hundred of them at most? So Mr. Bruce did not change the position of his camp, and slept amidst his Mahsuds, outwardly trustful, but inwardly nervous that, after all, serious mischief was impending. General Turner was now sure of it. He doubled his outlying and inlying pickets, strengthened the weak places of his camp with breastworks, arranged rallying-centres, and assigned his post to every man in camp should an attack be attempted. In particular he ordered all the troops to be under arms at 4 A.M. in their tents.

The night of November 1st passed quietly, though it was noticed that jackal cries outside the pickets were more numerous towards dawn than usual.

When day broke and nothing had happened, and the November sun had warmed man and beast into activity once more, young soldiers felt that they had a grievance. There had been no row after all, and they had missed their morning sleep, sat wakeful, revolver ready to hand, and, after all, nothing—not even a rifle thief in the camp; not a shot fired; they supposed it would be the old cry of “wolf, wolf,” and that it would go on for the next month or two. The Mahsuds were no fools; they knew that we were ready for them, and who but madmen would attempt to rush an intrenched and expectant camp? Why, with an outer and inner ring of pickets, the enemy’s approach would be detected amidst those loose stones half a mile off, and every man would be at his post long before they had rushed the pickets.

Such was the prevailing opinion, but the old soldiers shook their heads; there had been too many jackals about last night, and they knew what that meant. It meant Mahsud scouts answering and encouraging each other; it was a repetition of the tactics so successfully followed in 1860, when General Lumsden’s camp was surprised. Some grass sandals and a knife had been picked up in front of one of the pickets of the 3rd Sikhs. That side of the camp had evidently been approached; but the cautious Sikhs were intrenched behind good stone breastworks, so the enemy had retired. They would try another and less protected side that night or next. They were bound to do something. Their food-supplies would not last more than two or three days, and after coming fifty miles or more they would not return empty; why, if they did, all the tribes on the frontier, from the Kurram River to Solomon’s Throne, would laugh at them as cowards.

So said the old soldiers who knew, but the young ones were not so san-

guine. They did not believe in night surprises, when troops were forewarned and ready to meet the attack. By nightfall the discussion had got no “forrarder,” so young and old lay down with orders to be armed and accoutred at 4 A.M., but in their tents. No patrols were to go round the pickets, as the men stumbling in the dark over the stones would warn an approaching enemy of their own whereabouts as well as of the position of the pickets.

Down in the shadeless gloom of the wind-swept Khysara glen, but a few rough miles from where our soldiers watched or slept, a very different scene was being enacted. There sat and stood amongst the rocks and boulders of that wild gorge a great conclave of gaunt, excited men. A Mahsud parliament was in session—a parliament of desperate, vengeful men, some inflamed by the prospect of plunder, others, but the smaller number, by a fanatical thirst for infidel blood. That big, heavily built fellow in the centre of the rings of the sitters, standing nearest the bonfire, is both leader and speaker of the house. He is Moolah Powindah, whose amulets can turn aside bullets, whose touch can cure disease, whose intercession with Allah will to-night bring victory and loot to his hearers. Round him are circle upon circle of silent listeners, who nod their heads or shake their heads, or mutter deep-toned responses of approval, as he tells them what Allah will do for them that night.

“Yes,” he says, stretching out his long arms, “before cock-crow that sleeping camp will be in our hands, and those three innocent martyrs to the faith, who slew that foolhardy Feringhee, will be avenged. Your *malik* betrayed you in surrendering them, and betrayed you a second time in assenting to their imprisonment in the accursed Feringhees’ jail. We are over two thousand here, and more are coming every hour, and they,” pointing towards our camp, “are three thousand, but they are clogged with tents and stores, and animals by the

thousand. They are dogs and sons of dogs, those Feringhee Kafirs. They love eating and drinking and sleeping. They cannot fight in the dark. We have examined every part of their camp. We know where the horses and mules are, and where the treasure boxes are lying. Our scouts found the Sikhs too alert and protected by stone ramparts last night; but those black pigmies with the pig faces and black caps, Kafirs like the *Sahibs*, they are not protected, and the ravines run right up to their tents. They must be first surprised."

"But they fight like Rustums. We fear them¹ more than the white Kafirs," shouted some faint-hearted one.

"What! you fear them, do you? They fight like Rustums, do they?" shouted the Moolah. "Fools, they cannot fight in their tents, and we shall be upon them before they get out."

"Wah! wah! and the priest will lead us," jeered some irreverent young blood from out of the darkness beyond the rings of sitters.

The Moolah turned angrily in the direction whence had come the interruption and roared at the top of his voice, "What matters death to a Believer when Paradise is his reward? Yes, I will lead you, and pray for you too."

"And the Moolah will kneel down to pray when the first shot is fired! Bravo, Moolah! And you will claim

your tenth share of the loot, no doubt," called out some sceptic ironically.

A wrangle ensued, for all these were not from Makin, the Moolah's part of the country, and his presumption was intolerable to the young bloods, who still believed in their *maliks*, and who were only going into the fight from the prospect of plunder and for the fun of the thing.

There was no more haranguing after that. The sitting was dissolved hurriedly; the stern business of preparation for battle was taken in hand by some old warriors who had been young in 1860 when General Lumsden's camp was surprised. The forces were split up into two bodies—the fanatics or Ghâzis under Moolah Powindah, some eight hundred in number; and the rest, chiefly Nanakhels and Abdul Rahman Khels, under their sectional leaders. The latter, all told, were the larger number. They were intent on murder and loot, and preferred whole skins to martyrdom and its rewards.

It was agreed that the rush of the fanatics should be made a quarter of an hour before dawn, so that martyrs might have daylight for their journey to Paradise. The others, who preferred whole skins to Paradise, were to attack the rear of the camp as soon as the Moolah's rush upon the Gurkhas had created confusion. There was a sort of tacit understanding that the tents of the kindly and trusting commissioner, whom many of them knew by sight or repute, should not be rushed. Besides, neither breech-loaders nor treasure were to be got there, and many had friends in Mr. Bruce's camp, some of whom would probably join the plunderers and possibly show where the commissariat treasure was.

When all was ready, the Moolah and his followers set out—a compact body of silent, determined men. Some had matchlocks, but most had only swords or knives, or both. The others followed, marching in looser order, each band under their chosen leader. They had matchlocks, swords, daggers, and

¹ The battalion was the 1-1st Gurkhas. The hill tribes of our north-west frontier fear Gurkhas even more than Sikh or British soldiers. The Gurkha is himself a highlander, a born sportsman and a good climber. His powers of stalking and taking advantage of cover are remarkable. In the 1-1st battalion, and I believe in most of the other Gurkha battalions as well, about fifty men per battalion are specially trained as scouts. The best *shiktris* are selected, practised in point-to-point running over rough ground, and occasionally told off with blank ammunition to stalk each other on the hillside. Each man fires whenever he sees his enemy, and he is held to be the victor who first shouts out the name of his opponent correctly to the officer superintending the training. In a hill campaign such practised scouts are specially useful. They enjoy the excitement of stalking and shooting the snipers who prowl round our camps on the lookout for a shot.

forty to fifty had drums. Though the night was still and the young moon had set, the march was almost without sound, for Mahsuds on the war-path can be nimble as goats and noiseless as cats. Occasionally a stone was displaced, or one of the long matchlocks, which were slung at pleasure across the men's backs or carried in the hands, knocked against a rock. A whispered hush from some greybeard would make the unwary one more cautious. The force pushed on for four or five hours at a speed of two and a-half miles an hour, and was halted when the commissioner's camp was perceived by the leading scouts. Orders were now quietly passed from band to band; the stars scanned to make sure of the time; and the prey clearly marked down by sounds now audible from the camp, for sound travelled far in the still, frosty night. The dying glow from the embers of some camp-fires was also visible; otherwise the camp was in complete darkness, and, but for the whinny of a mule or the noise of iron-shod hoofs striking against the still, there was perfect silence in it.

The Mahsuds, though once again in motion, were still more noiseless. Most of them wore grass sandals; but the feet of some were naked, their soles being hard and horny—hoof-like, in fact. Moolah Powindah and his men were now picking their way, silent as ghosts, amongst the loose boulders of the two ravines which led up to and past the left flank of the Gurkhas' camp, and thence along the left rear of General Turner's position. When within two hundred yards of a small outlying picket, the Moolah paused in his advance and massed his men. A Gurkha sentry coughing had disclosed the fact that the ravine was here being watched. After a short halt the Ghâzi host was put in motion again. The boldest led. Whilst they stole up the ravine, intending to pass the picket unobserved, the mass of the attacking bands had moved off to the right, and were spreading themselves out so as to face the front of the camp and partially overlap it.

Suddenly three rifle shots were heard, instantly followed by a terrific din—the yelling and shouting of six hundred Ghâzis, as they swept through the outlying pickets of the Gurkhas; the wilder shrieking and howling of the fifteen hundred or two thousand faint-hearts who faced the camp; the fusillade of hundreds of matchlocks and the tomtoming of two score drums. Every sleeper was awake and up in an instant, groping for his arms, and making his way towards his alarm-post or rallying-point. But though these three shots had given the main camp two precious minutes of notice, the swarm of fanatics had already rushed through or passed by the outlying Gurkha pickets, and were racing over the six hundred yards between them and the Gurkha camp, before men or officers could get out of their tents. The darkness was intense; friend or foe was indistinguishable at two yards off; each officer and sepoy fought his way towards his appointed place as best he could. Our men kept silence, forming groups as they concentrated; whilst the enemy, like devils let loose, were yelling and hacking at everything they encountered. Numbers of sturdy Gurkhas and several of our officers were cut down as they were getting out of their tents. All order or cohesion amongst the fanatics, who had penetrated into the Gurkha camp, was at an end. They swept along like wild beasts, singly and in bands of ten or twenty; they came dancing down the main street of the camp, brandishing their swords and knives, and cutting at whatever they met.¹ Some swerved

¹ Five of their swordsmen encountered Lieutenant Macaulay, R.E., as he was making his way towards his post. He was afterwards found lying dead beside two of his opponents, both of whom he had shot with his revolver. He was a splendid specimen of a Scotchman, six feet four inches in height, always keen for rough service, and, when last seen by me, quietly enthusiastic at the prospect of a long spell of survey work beyond the border. He received his last instructions from his chief in my home at Rawalpindi, just before he started on boundary delimitation work, from which he was never to return. He was a grand-nephew of Lord Macaulay, and a son of Colonel Macaulay, now governor of Ayr Jail, who had been for eleven years deputy commissioner of

off amongst the transport cattle, and hamstringing many, and cut down thirty or forty of the terrified unarmed followers; others cut loose the cavalry horses, a score of which stampeded through the camp, increasing the general din. All this time the encircling ring outside the camp was advancing nearer, firing, tom-toming, and yelling, yet afraid to rush. By degrees the reserve of the Gurkhas, under Major Robinson, got together, and forming a rallying-group in the centre of their camp, stood back to back and fought hand to hand with the enemy. When the pressure had relaxed a little, the Gurkhas formed up in an extended line, and working systematically with the bayonet, cleared their camp. Two other but less determined attacks were made from different directions, but neither was pushed home.

By this time, about fifteen minutes after the first rush had been made, every man was at his post, and the enemy were losing heart. A few star-shells were now fired, enabling the Sikhs to get in some effective volleys, after which the infernal din of yelling and tom-toming going on outside the camp subsided a little. Evidently the faint-hearts had begun to realize that the game was up.

Grey dawn was now breaking in the east, facilitating the passing of many a devoted Ghāzi as they lay writhing from bayonet-wounds about the camp. Seeing that the attack had failed, and that it would be soon daylight, General Turner at once ordered out all available cavalry and some of his infantry in pursuit. The enemy was by this time in full retreat. Ten precious minutes were lost before a handful of mounted troopers could be collected, for whilst the troopers had been fighting on foot their grass-cutters had naturally hidden themselves instead of saddling the horses. However, by 6.10 A.M. the dashing commandant, Major O'Mealy, with sixty of his troopers at his back, was in eager chase. The going was frightful; the roughest ground in the

Derah Ismail Khan, and had, as we have seen, taught the Mahsuds to grow potatoes.

Highlands of Scotland would have been easy compared with that which the wiry little horses, averaging 14.2 in height, of our native Irregular Cavalry were required to cover at a trot. However, the troopers were keen, their leaders, if possible, keener; and follow they did for seven miles over nullahs, down and up ravines, right into the grim passes, and on and on until stopped by cliffs and precipices, up which only *mārkhōr* (the Suliman chamois) or sportsmen could climb. The infantry, which had plodded on in the track of blood and Mahsud dead, here took up the chase, firing at laggards whom the chance of another shot at the hated unbelievers, weight of booty, or possibly wounds, had belated in the flight.

In the pursuit about eighty Mahsuds were accounted for, raising their whole loss to between three and four hundred. Of that number they left one hundred and twenty-five bodies in and about the camp. Our own losses were severe, three officers and forty-two men killed, but of the latter twenty-four were followers, and six British officers and forty-seven native officers and men wounded, to which latter total the unfortunate followers contributed half. As the chief brunt of the fighting inside the camp had fallen on the Gurkhas, almost all the casualties amongst the fighting men were theirs. They lost in killed and wounded five officers and sixty-one men. To the list of casualties amongst the men there had to be added a longer list of killed, wounded, and captured mules and horses. Thirty-seven breech-loaders and two coolie loads of rupees were also carried off.

Tactically the only mistake made by General Turner in his otherwise admirable dispositions was that he allowed his men to be in their tents after 4 A.M. He did so to save them from needless exposure, as at the elevation of Wana (forty-four hundred feet) even early in November the mornings are bitterly cold, and at that season pneumonia is rife, as the thermometer ranges from below freezing-point to 85° Fahrenheit in the twenty-four hours. Moreover,

the general had no certainty that an attack would be made, and supposed that, with a double line of pickets six hundred yards in advance of his main camp, the alarm would be heard in time for his men to get out of their tents and fall into their places before the enemy would be upon them. As it was, the luck that three of his Gurkhas managed to discharge their rifles before their picket was annihilated saved many lives. But for that warning the surprise would have been more complete than it was. That the camp was rather too extended, and badly placed amongst ravines — the whole Wana plain is seamed with them — was due to "political considerations." The force was technically an "escort" in a friendly country, hence unfortunately the views of the civilian had prevailed over those of the soldier.

Making full allowance for all tactical shortcomings, however arising, one fact stands out clearly, and that is that it is always within the power of a determined enemy to rush a camp on a dark night and inflict severe loss before being repulsed. When the attack was over, our officers recalled how thirty-five years before the same tribe had surprised General Lumsden's camp at the same time, almost at the same minute, under very similar circumstances, and with similar results. With such a warning before him men wondered how Mr. Bruce — a civilian of thirty years' frontier service — could have, almost up to the delivery of the assault, persuaded himself that no attempt in force would be made upon the camp. Their wonder was still greater when they heard that he was of opinion that only a portion of the Mahsud tribe had given way to a fanatical impulse, and that consequently the tribe collectively had not committed itself against the government.

To the military mind Mr. Bruce's discriminating humanitarianism was quixotic. Three-tenths of the manhood of the Mahsuds had joined in the attack. It was as large a force as their commissariat and other difficulties would permit them to bring together

at one point. Their action had cleared the air, and government must at once call up the reserve brigade, and sanction a punitive expedition. The Mahsuds expected it, as their levies in our pay in the Gumal Pass had all deserted as soon as news of the attack on the camp had reached them. But no; it was not to be — not yet at least. The government still sought to avoid extremities, and accepted the view that a case for the enforcement of collective responsibility by collective punishment was not yet established. To the amazement of the Mahsuds themselves, they were told that if they surrendered their plunder and certain outlaws and other marked offenders within a month, their offence would be condoned. Such forbearance was incomprehensible to Mahsuds, and very trying to our soldiers. The feeling in camp was not complimentary either to government or their boundary commissioner. The fact is, government was as much surprised at the untoward event of November 3 as government's devoted but credulous commissioner.

When the Mahsud tribe realized that government was anxious to condone their offence, they misunderstood our generosity. The winter was approaching, they argued; there were no crops to destroy, and if the *Sarkar's* army did march through their hills during the cold season, what harm could that army do? What harm had an invasion wrought them in 1860 or in 1881? So the Mahsud leaders temporized. They wished to stand well with their fellow-clausmen and well with the Indian government. When the month's grace had expired, and the easy conditions imposed by government had not been fulfilled, they asked for and at once obtained a fortnight's more grace. This time the Mahsud headmen did exert themselves a little, and brought in many of the horses and breech-loaders taken from us on November 3.

The sudden change from *non possumus* to a show of compliance with the government ultimatum was due to the fact becoming known throughout Mahsud-land that "Lockhart Sahib" was

coming to command the expeditionary troops. Every tribesman throughout all the wild border-land knows that when Sir William Lockhart leads troops against them the game is up. When he commands, no time is lost in negotiations, in differentiating degrees of guilt and punishment between this or that section or individual chief, or in massing troops in standing camps and wiring to Simla for instructions. General Lockhart is a practical soldier. He strikes hard and fast, never gives the tribesmen time to discuss and collect, but sends out flying columns in all directions, disperses every hostile gathering, destroys all defences—mostly stone towers—burns hostile villages, and harries the enemy's cattle and sheep. Call such work marauding on a large scale if you will, it succeeds. There is little or no fighting, though deaths from pneumonia are numerous. A few weeks of such harrying, and the hostile tribe is on its knees, ready to buy peace and the retirement of Jack Sepoy at any price.

With such a reputation preceding him, it is no wonder that those who knew the general's methods amongst the Mahsuds should have tried their best to keep him out of their country; but unfortunately for themselves many did not know, and did not believe, that serious injury could be inflicted on them in mid-winter.

Up to almost the last day of the extended period of grace the betting in the Wana camp was even that there would be no expedition. The plunder—in the shape of horses and breech-loaders—was being slowly but steadily returned, and hostages were being surrendered. At length the fateful day—December 12—came, and the terms had not been complied with. The joyful news was wired to Simla, the "escort's" designation changed and merged into that of the "Mahsud Field Force," and full latitude given to General Lockhart to bring the recalcitrant tribesmen to their senses. The six weary weeks of inaction were ended at last, and now the tables were to be turned on the wily Mahsud, who had

for many generations plundered almost with impunity the camel caravans creeping up and down the Gumal Pass, murdered the unwary wherever found, and harried the villages in the plains.

The troops—eleven battalions of native and one of British infantry (the Borderers), with some mountain batteries and irregular cavalry, in all nearly ten thousand men—marched simultaneously from three different points on the three chief villages of the hostile tribe—Kaniguram, Makin, and Razmak—all lying near each other in the heart of the Mahsud highlands, on the slopes of the Pir Ghal mountain. Arrived at their several objectives, six flying columns, each of from four hundred to one thousand men, were sent out to systematically scour the valleys and hills, and give no rest to the astonished foe. It was now mid-winter, and snow had fallen on all the higher mountains, hence some fastnesses were closed to the enemy's families and cattle. Though the severity of the weather increased the hardships which our troops had to endure, it was worse for the Mahsuds than for us. It killed their people and their flocks and herds, or drove them down into places accessible to our columns. All defences wherever found, except those of a few friendly chiefs, were blown up with gun-cotton. Every building or collection of cabins from which a shot was fired was demolished or burnt down, and from first to last some ten thousand head of cattle—chiefly goats—were captured, and proved a welcome addition to the scanty rations which the columns managed to carry with them.

Of the three brigades, Colonel Eger-ton's, known as "the Bannu Brigade," was the smartest and most successful in cattle-lifting. Their bag aggregated six thousand head, chiefly goats. Their two most lucky days were January 5 and 15. On the former date the raiders, numbering six hundred men in all, marched at 4 A.M. and did not get into camp until 6.30 P.M., after a twenty-eight miles' tramp up and down stony nullahs and over several ridges. This distance does not include the

crowning of heights and the climbing involved in keeping a drove of three thousand refractory goats to the line of march. On the latter occasion only seven hundred were captured; but when the raiders had collected their booty, they found themselves benighted on the top of a mountain. They made their way down to the nearest shelter—some huts in a ravine—and there bivouacked for the night. Their chronicler has immortalized the orgies of that memorable night:—

All the cattle [he has recorded] were penned into the houses, and filled them all, so the troops and officers had to pass the night in the open with no bedding and no food. It was bitterly cold, and beyond green wood, which would not burn, no fuel was obtainable. It was amusing to see the officers trying to cook some mutton for themselves, as one of the sheep was killed for dinner; but what with the green wood, its smoke, no cooking-pots, etc., and the impossibility of obtaining any hot water, the meat dinner had to be given up. Some one said pea-soup would be excellent; so, procuring a small brass pot, he proceeded to soak some of the mules' gram, but this also was left, as not even a fuse-box could be utilized with success to make soup in.

Milk from the Waziri cow was the next suggestion, so three specially selected officers were deputed to try to tame a cow. After many trials and heroic efforts, and many butts and kicks, a cow was caught and tied, but alas! she was dry. Goats were the same. Finally hunger conquered, and pieces of mutton stuck on to a stick and roasted over the smoking fire had to be accepted as the evening meal. The cold at night was very trying, and sleep was denied to all, for one's feet grew so cold that every hour a sharp walk was imperative to keep one's circulation up. Added to these, there were a rowdy camel and a vicious horse careering about most of the night, and last, but not least, an army of rats, who would insist on running over one's face and body.

That sort of campaigning appealed differently to different minds. Supperless, home-sick Thomas Atkins, sighing for the lights and luxuries of the Strand, bewailed his hard fate in a mournful ditty, of which the following lines are a specimen:—

With the darkness black as thunder,
I lie on stones and wonder
When I next shall be in bed.
Then a whistle from a rifle
Just wakes me up a trifle;
And although I do not holler,
I'd give my bottom dollar
To be safe at home again.

But "the boys of the Bannu Brigade," who had meat suppers almost every night, took a cheerier view of things. They sang merrily whilst carousing on toasted mutton and water:—

The wild Wazeroo in his fastnesses dwells,
Surrounded by cattle and vermin and smells,
And fondly conceives himself safe from a raid;
But he don't know the boys of the Bannu Brigade.
They harry the cattle from hillside and crag,
And march home at eve with a jolly good bag;
Then at night there is such frying and boiling and roasting,
And hashing and stewing and mincing and toasting;
Though meat rations elsewhere are scarce,
I'm afraid
We do ourselves well in the Bannu Brigade.

Before the middle of January, the Mahsuds were thoroughly humbled and anxious to carry out any reasonable terms, if only they could rid themselves of their involuntary guests. Their *jirga*, or council of elders, was at once summoned to hear the conditions of peace from the lips of the general. The announcement was made at Kunduwan on January 21 last. The members of the *jirga* were seated on the ground in rows, their heads bent forward and almost resting on their knees. As the guard of honor presented arms and Sir William Lockhart, accompanied by Mr. Bruce and General Symons, took their seats, the Mahsuds present hardly looked up. Whether they were profoundly despondent, utterly apathetic, or only sulky, who can tell? As the terms were announced their impassive attitude was maintained, except when they were ordered to surrender fifty breech-loaders, exclusive of those taken on November 3.

That roused them, and many shook their heads hopelessly. When warned that they would be responsible for the safety of life and property on the Jhandola-Wana road, they looked at each other furtively, probably asking themselves what next, and several smiled incredulously. With the exception of the two terms just noticed, the others were easy and reasonable enough. The restitution of the remaining plunder, a small fine in arms, including the breech-loaders already mentioned, the surrender of certain notorious outlaws and villains of sorts, the abstaining from plundering travellers on a road most of which was outside Mahsud limits—these were the terms. The penalty of non-compliance was the continued military occupation of the country. To the surprise of many old frontier officers, all the terms were carried out within the time-limit fixed—the end of February. The demarcation work had already been finished, and had presented no difficulties. The troops were accordingly withdrawn from the occupied territory early in March, and the Mahsud expedition of 1894-95 was an event of the past. It was almost a bloodless expedition for the sepoy and his officers. Four killed and eighteen wounded was the butcher's bill. But though casualties from sword or bullet were few, losses from disease were heavy. From pneumonia alone there were one hundred and seventy-one deaths, and many a man has now probably the seeds of death in him from the privations of that mid-winter campaign.

The opponents of the long succession of little frontier wars which have during the last decade helped to drain the resources of India, have no reason to add the one sketched in the preceding pages to their list. The government hoped there would be no opposition. Mr. Bruce thought there would be none. He was given a strong "escort" and told to negotiate. From "political considerations" he located his escort in a position which invited attack, and sat there until the attack was delivered. That was the end of

the first phase. The time for action had come, but the long-suffering government was not prepared for action. Instead of calling up the "escort's" reserve and immediately carrying fire and sword throughout Mahsud-land, the government resumed negotiations, and through its agent tried to persuade the tribe to return their plunder. A month's grace was conceded, then a fortnight's more, and then came the inevitable—a declaration of war. That was the end of the second phase. The third was the scouring and harrying of Mahsud-land by our troops. That work was thoroughly and quickly done, and enabled our officers to carry out the delimitation unmolested in a fortnight. The best that can be said of our political action before the declaration of war is, that it shows to what length of forbearance our government will sometimes go in order to avoid a frontier expedition.

The cost of the actual campaign was only £150,000, to which may be added £25,000 for indirect consequential charges. It is the cheapest and most successful "little war" which the government of India has ever waged beyond its actual north-west frontier.

S. S. THORBURN.

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THE ROMANCE OF VIOLIN COLLECTING.

THERE are very good reasons why an old violin—of course, presuming it to be a good instrument to begin with—is better than a new one, and still better reasons why the Italian violins of the classical period should remain the masterpieces of their kind. First of all there is the wood: that requires to be mellowed by age, and there is no artificial process that can take the place of time in this matter. Vuillaume, the celebrated Parisian maker and dealer, experimented in trying to "age" the wood, both by chemicals and by baking, but the idea proved worthless. Again, there is the *kind* of wood to be used, and that is not such a simple affair as some people suppose. A vio-

lin is made of about fifty-eight separate pieces of wood, and the kind and quality are of the first importance. Let us look at this point a little in detail, for it is not generally understood.

The front of a violin is usually made of deal, the back of maple. Now, a piece of wood can be set in vibration just like a string in tension, and a certain musical note will be the result, the pitch depending, of course, upon the length, thickness, and density of the wood. Well, the curious fact has been established by experiment that in all the best Stradivarius violins — the violins that are now the rage — the "note" produced by the front of the instrument is the same; and again, that in no case is the note of the front the same as the note of the back. We now know that there are acoustic reasons for this, and these reasons determine the kind and quality of the wood. You want the front of the instrument to be light, soft, and porous, and you take deal as answering best to these qualities. When the wood is dry the microscope will reveal a multitude of little hollow cells, once filled with sap. The more of these cells there are, the more quickly will the wood vibrate to the sound; and here it is that the fine skill in selecting the wood comes in. You might cut up a dozen pieces of deal, and perhaps only one piece would be absolutely perfect for its purpose. Similarly with the maple, of which the back of the instrument is made. This is a harder wood, containing less sap, and, consequently, fewer cells when dry. It is used because it vibrates more slowly than deal, and the effect on the violin is, as Mr. Haweis puts it, "to detain the waves of sound radiating from the deal, and to mix them with slower vibrations of the back in the hollow of the instrument." The ribs and sides of the violin are also of maple, and these serve to connect the quickly vibrating front with the slowly vibrating back, and hold them until both throb together with full pulsation and body of sound.

Now there is abundant evidence to show that the old Italian makers paid

particular attention to all these details — or at least, if they did not of set purpose, they did unconsciously by an intuition which amounted to actual genius. Stradivarius and most of the Cremonese makers of the classical period selected their wood from the Tyrol, and it is more than likely that they found some special quality in the timber there which recommended it to their attention. But then, you say, the wood can be selected with equal care, and the details of its combination carried out with equal skill, by the modern maker. Ah! but you forget the aging; you forget the lost secret of the Cremona varnish; and, above all, you forget the inimitable workmanship of the Cremona masters. Time must finish the artist's work; nay, the very act of playing has a beneficial influence, constraining, as Tyndall expresses it, the molecules of the wood, which in the first instance might be refractory, to conform at last to the requirements of the vibrating strings.

And the varnish — the Cremona varnish? That is a romance and a mystery in itself. Ever since the traces of it finally disappeared, about 1760, violin-makers have been trying to discover the secret, and many chemists have given days and nights in futile attempts to find out its constituents. Charles Reade, who was an enthusiast in the matter of old fiddles, says: "More than once, even in my time, hopes have run high, but only to fall again. Some have cried 'Eureka!' to the public, but the moment others looked at their discovery and compared it with the real thing 'inextinguishable laughter shook the skies.' At last despair has succeeded to all that energetic study, and the varnish of Cremona is sullenly given up as a lost art." The position of matters is just the same to-day. It is no use making guesses about the old varnish. Some maintain that it was an oil varnish, others maintain that it was a spirit varnish. The only thing we know is that, whatever it was, it affected the quality of the tone in a remarkable degree. Of course, there are cranks who

contend that varnish has nothing to do with tone. They will ask you, If the varnish on a Cremona violin makes the tone so very much superior, what becomes of the tone when the varnish is gone? There was a Strad. in the collection of Gillott, the pen-maker, which had lost all its original varnish without suffering in any way. But the wood had absorbed all the varnish that was necessary a hundred years before Gillott set eyes on it, and the absence of surface varnish in this case, or in the case of any other old Italian violin, proves nothing whatever. The varnish is certainly an important factor; and, moreover, it makes a very great difference whether it is dried slowly in the sun, as it most likely was at Cremona, or in the oven—whether it is coated by time or by trickery. And in the end, when all is said and done, we come back to what Charles Reade said more than twenty years ago: the masterpieces of Cremona eclipse every new violin in sweetness, oiliness, crispness, and volume of tone as distinct from loudness. Age has dried their vegetable juices, making the carcass much lighter than that of a new violin, and those light, dry frames vibrate at a touch.

But it is time to say something about the "old masters" themselves—about the men whose violins are to-day the richest possessions of their kind in existence. Who were they? Well, they consist of an unbroken band of four separate families, who all worked in the same neighborhood, and who, if tradition can be trusted, all learned their trade directly from each other. Their names cover a period of some two hundred years, beginning with Gasparo da Salo, who started violin-making about the year 1560, and ending with Guarnerius del Jesu, who is believed to have died about 1745. Before Gasparo da Salo's time there was nothing definite about the form of the violin. It was he who practically gave the instrument its present form, and the fact that there are only about six violins of this maker known to exist is a proof that in his day the instrument

was only just coming into use, and was not much in demand. The long distance of time will not alone account for the scarcity, for there are many of Gasparo's violas extant—instruments, too, which are in some respects superior to others of their class that have since been made. One of these violas is worthy of special notice. It was shown at the Loan Exhibition of Musical Instruments at South Kensington in 1872, and it was sold last year for 81*l*. The varnish is of a very pleasing golden yellow. Gasparo's violins are large-sized and deep, and have a full, rich tone. Ole Bull, the great Norwegian violinist, had a very fine specimen, which he used latterly at all his concerts in preference to first-class instruments by Amati, Stradivarius, and Guarnerius, which he possessed but considered deficient in tone-color. In this connection, however, it should be remembered that Bull was a powerful man, above six feet high, and used a bow heavier and longer than those of ordinary players; which means that he required a rich and full-toned violin. Where his instrument is now no one seems to know. After his death it appears to have gone to America. Another violin by Gasparo da Salo was the favorite instrument of Niel Gow, the king of Scottish fiddlers, who used to say that a man was a great violinist only if he could "gar himsel' greet" when he played. As a rule, however, Gasparo's instruments are not much sought after by connoisseurs, although a well-preserved specimen would certainly bring a long price in the open market.

The second family of the old masters were the Amatis, father, son, and grandson, who were all successful makers, the latter especially so. The Amatis turned out instruments of great beauty, some, indeed, being of indescribable grace and finish; but the tone is rather soft—small and without "body," as the violinist would put it—and for this reason their violins do not command the highest figures. A Nicola Amati may be had from 20*l*. to 300*l*., according to size, pattern, preser-

vation, pedigree, etc. A good Andreas Amati, more suitable for chamber than for ordinary concert use, can be got for 50*l*. Andreas, who died about 1577, was the founder of the Amati family. Very few authentic instruments of his make are extant, and those that do exist are not in a high state of preservation. Nicolas, the grandson, was the most eminent of the name, and he is, besides, deserving of special honor as having been the master of Stadivarius. Although he worked as a rule on the small pattern adopted by the rest of the Amatis, he made some very fine large violins — the so-called “grand Amatis” — which are almost worshipped in these days, and which hold the field in the matter of prices. Even during his lifetime his instruments were in high repute. Charles IX. of France gave him an order for twelve violins, six violas and six ‘cellos, for his private band. Before the French Revolution (1789) most of these instruments could be seen in the Chapel Royal, but after the days of the 5th and 6th of October, 1790, they all mysteriously disappeared, and their subsequent history is uncertain. One of them, a ‘cello, was sold in the early years of the century to Sir William Curtis; it was put up at five hundred guineas, and bought in at two hundred and eighty. In 1872 the instrument belonged to the Rev. A. H. Bridges, who showed it in the Loan Exhibition of that year.

In Stradivarius and Guarnerius del Jesu we reach the zenith of perfection in violin-making. The Guarnerius family, like the Amatis, consisted of several distinct makers whose work is often confused. They all form an important branch of the Cremona school; but when violinists speak of a Guarnerius they mean an instrument by the last of the race, to wit, the Joseph Guarnerius who was born in 1687, and who is designated “del Jesu” from the curious habit he had of putting a cross and the letters I.H.S. on his labels. Guarnerius del Jesu stands next to Stradivarius himself as the greatest violin-maker the world has ever seen; and it is with him that the

art may be said to have died. Stradivarius lived before his day, for he was born in 1644, but there is good reason for supposing that Guarnerius was working for some years after Stradivarius, a veteran of over ninety, had made his last violin.

To write about Stradivarius with the enthusiasm felt by the lover of old violins is not easy. His tone is so inimitable that it must send the veriest gut-scraper into raptures; you cannot hear it in the instruments of any other maker. The perfect workmanship, the kind and quality of the varnish, the choice of the wood, the degree of thickness of back and front, the height of the sides and arching, the exact relation of every part of the instrument, all combine in works of genius which to this day remain unequalled, and will probably remain unequalled to the end of time. Stradivarius knew nothing of the storm and stress of life. He took things easy and made everything with his own hands. He gave endless labor to the details of his instruments, and finished everything beautifully. The insides of his violins are as perfect as the outsides — all the tiny blocks, ribs, and slips of wood for strengthening the sides are without roughness, and the weight of each is as carefully adjusted as if he had been going to receive its equivalent in gold. His imitators have gone to work with a microscope, and have fancied that by copying his measurements and other details, they could turn out exactly similar instruments, but they did not sound the same; the proportions were there, but the subtle genius of the workman was absent. And Stradivarius remains — STRADIVARIUS, the man whose very name sends a thrill of delight through the breast of all who “take up the fiddle and the bow” — the man who two hundred years ago put together those little bits of wood which to-day are competed for with a daring recklessness of expenditure which puts every other branch of collecting into the shade. Everybody wants a Strad., and when everybody gets one he wants the world to know. And the world delights in the knowl-

edge ; for it is not like Joseph Hatton, the song writer, who was so incensed because a violinist advertised that he would play on a five-hundred-guinea instrument, that he intimated his own intention to sing "Old King Cole" in a pair of Moses's ten-and-six trousers !

It must not be supposed, however, that Stradivarius has always been the rage. Even in violin collecting there are fashions and fads. At first, when Italian instruments began to be sought for—i.e., about the beginning of the present century—every player wanted an Amati. An Amati could then be bought for about 30*l.*, for there was a good supply in existence ; but of course as the demand increased so did the prices. Then there was a craze for instruments by Stainer, the founder of the German school of violin-making, and genuine Stainers, which are now of the utmost rarity, went up far beyond their intrinsic value. Again, De Beriot, the Belgian violinist, began to play on a Maggini, and Magginis were soon leading the way in popularity and price. Before this date a Maggini might have been bought for 10*l.* ; now the price went up to 100*l.* De Beriot's own instrument, it is said, was sold for 600*l.*, a sum ridiculously in excess of the value of any Maggini ever made. Genuine Magginis are not very common now. They have really many excellent qualities, but the tone is grave and even melancholy. It was Paganini who discovered Guarnerius to the violin world. He got hold of an instrument by that maker, and although Paganini—whose playing was more trick than tone—would have done almost equally well with any make of violin, the enthusiasts credited the instrument with half of the player's power, and Guarnerius violins at once became the fashion. Meanwhile Stradivarius was working up a steady and an assured popularity which, as we shall see presently, has been fully maintained, and is likely to grow with the years. His prices are quite the highest ; and whereas he received only about 4*l.* for his violins when finished, a specimen of his make has recently

changed hands at the phenomenal figure of 2,000*l.* Let us deal with this instrument, and afterwards with some of the higher priced Cremonas in the possession of our professionals and collectors.

A pretty romantic story is this of the 2,000*l.* fiddle ! Violin-makers now and again come upon pieces of wood of phenomenal resonance and beauty, and when they do, we may be sure they give special care to the making and finishing of the instrument formed of that wood. Stradivarius at any rate did. In 1716, he had a piece of luck in this particular, and his luck went into an instrument with which he fell so much in love that he absolutely refused to sell it or to allow it to be played upon by any hands but his own. He kept it locked up, and when he died at the advanced age of ninety-three, he bequeathed it to his sons. By and by an enthusiastic collector named Salabue got on the scent of the instrument, and about the year 1760 he acquired it—at what figure is not known—from one of the great man's sons. Salabue cherished it until his death about 1827, and then a strange character appears on the scene as purchaser. This was an eccentric old fellow named Luigi Tarisio, who, abandoning his trade as a carpenter, had started collecting old violins, and was now searching in every nook and corner of Italy for the treasures of Cremona. He could neither read nor write, this enthusiastic collector, but he could tell a valuable fiddle the moment he saw it, and he estimated the worth of the Salabue Strad. so well that after he had acquired it he kept it to himself with all the loving care that its maker had already shown for it. Tarisio lived entirely alone in a wretched garret in Milan ; and one day in the year 1854, his neighbors found him lying dead among a confused heap of Cremonas. The old man had amassed a collection of some two hundred and fifty instruments, the result of a thirty years' "hunt ;" and although he had started life a penniless carpenter, he died worth about 12,000*l.*

Well, there was in Paris at this time

a certain high priest of fiddle-making named Vuillaume, already mentioned. He knew something about Tarisio and his wonderful collection, and when he heard of the veteran's death he at once set off for Milan to see about purchasing the instruments. And he did purchase them—the whole two hundred and fifty, including, of course, the Salabue Strad.—for the purely nominal sum of 3,166*l.* ! What he did with the two hundred and forty-nine does not concern us at present; the thing to be noted is that he, too, like all its previous owners, refused to part with the “Salabue” at any price. He kept it till his death, in 1875, and so anxious was he for its safety that during the Franco-German war he had it buried, case and all, in a damp-proof, air-tight box, and did not unearth it until peace had been proclaimed! From Vuillaume the treasure descended to M. Alard, the great French violinist, who paid 1,000*l.* for it—only to look at it, as it appears, for he was so charmed with the varnish that he seldom used the instrument lest he should spoil the gloss. Alard died in 1888, and two years later the instrument was sold by his heirs—Messrs. Hill acting as agents in the matter—to its present owner, Mr. R. Crawford, of Trinity, Edinburgh, for 2,000*l.* The high figure perfectly astonished the violin world. As recently as 1872 Charles Reade had valued the instrument at 600*l.*—and, by the way, thought so much of its varnish that he declared the violin would be worth just 35*l.* without it!

But there is good reason for the high figure. The instrument is the only one from the hands of Stradivarius that has come down in a condition of perfect preservation. Its glowing, ruddy varnish is as fresh as if it had been only put on a week ago, and it unites in itself all the higher qualities which a violin should possess—strength, sweetness, roundness, delicacy, and a distinguished and incisive tone. When Joachim tried it he at once declared that in beauty of tone it surpassed all the other violins he had ever heard. Nor is it a matter of tone only. The

form of the instrument is incomparable; all the curves and outlines are drawn with indescribable skill and grace; and there is a perfection of workmanship in every detail which is simply matchless. Messrs. Hill write regarding the instrument: “It is the fiddle of Europe, of fabulous newness of appearance and state of preservation. It is a famous possession, and absolutely unique, which can be truthfully applied to but few works of art. The names of its possessors will certainly be handed down to posterity. We feel proud to have been entrusted with the negotiations for its purchase, and consider it the greatest honor we have yet had conferred on us. We believe it is but a question of a few years, and it will fetch a considerably higher price.” Mr. Crawford has a second Strad. and also a very fine Guarnerius, and he has a picture-gallery containing paintings worth about 100,000*l.*, including two by Meissonier. Others may equal him in all these, but they can never equal his 2,000*l.* fiddle, and he has every right to feel proud of the circumstance.

And now let us see about some more ordinary yet remarkable instruments. Dr. Joachim, who is as well known in England as in his native Germany, is the happy possessor of four Strads. In this respect he is probably unique, for the man who hoards up a collection of violins for the mere selfish pleasure of possessing them has almost disappeared, tempted no doubt by the recent phenomenal rise in prices. There used to be some seven or eight very fine collections of old Italian instruments, but these have long since been dispersed, and the rare fiddles are now, for the most part, in the hands of professional artists who, instead of boxing them up in glass cases in private houses, give the benefit of their superior tone to the musical public at large. Such an artist is Joseph Joachim. One of his best instruments was presented to him by public subscription in celebration of his artistic jubilee, and cost 1,200*l.* Herr Waldemar Meyer's Strad. was also purchased for him by a number of

English friends; the price paid being, I believe, 1,250*l.* M. Tivadar Nachez is another Strad. owner, his instrument having cost him 1,000*l.*

The beauty and sweetness of Sarasate's tone are often commented on by people who never think of the tone being in any way due to the fineness of his instrument. As a matter of fact, Sarasate has two Strads. One is the renowned "Boissier" Strad., which he managed to secure in Paris for 1,000*l.*, an hour or two before Hill of London sent an offer for it; the other is one that had been used by Paganini, which came to him through his son Achille. Of course, the latter instrument has an additional value from the circumstance of its former ownership. Paganini had several valuable violins, and the instrument which he used in his later years—a Guarnerius, dated 1743—would probably command something like 5,000*l.* if it could be put in the market now; indeed, the sum of 2,400*l.* has already been offered for it and refused, and a report was lately circulated that 10,000*l.* had been tried. But the instrument cannot be sold. Paganini himself bequeathed it to the city of Genoa, and the municipal authorities there are keenly alive to the value of the treasure. They have it bestowed in a glass case in the recess of a wall, which is again encased in heavy French plate-glass, the whole being closed by a massive door. Every two months the seals are broken, and the violin is played upon for about half an hour in the presence of city officials, and then it is replaced and put under municipal seal. This, of course, is done to keep the instrument in good condition. Paganini came by the violin in a curious way. A French merchant lent him the instrument to play upon at a concert at Leghorn. After the concert, Paganini brought it back to its owner, when the latter exclaimed, to the delighted astonishment of the player, "Never more will I profane the strings which your fingers have touched; that instrument is yours." The Genoa people have been in luck in the matter of violins. Sivi-

ri, who died last year, was a pupil of Paganini, and Paganini presented him when a youth with a very fine Guarnerius instrument. It was, therefore, but natural that Sivi should wish his violin to rest beside Paganini's, and so to-day for a small fee you can see both instruments in the municipal niche at Genoa.

Lady Hallé said not so long ago to an interviewer that violins can be turned out by the "modern master maker" quite as good as those of the old Cremona school. There may be some reservation in the "can be;" but at any rate Lady Hallé herself has never given much practical encouragement to the modern master maker. She plays on a Strad. dated 1709, which the dealers would probably value at something like 1,000*l.*, since it, too, has a pedigree. The instrument belonged formerly to Ernst, the celebrated virtuoso, whose widow parted with it for a sum a little under 500*l.* Ernst had it from one of our earliest English collectors, Mr. Andrew Fountain, of Nafford, Norfolk; and when it came to Lady Hallé it was in the hands of Mr. David Laurie, of Glasgow. She got it in rather a lucky way. She was just negotiating with Mr. Laurie about its purchase, and had the instrument on trial, when one evening the Duke of Edinburgh—who, by the way, has himself a valuable Strad., as well as two instruments by Guarnerius—heard her play on it at a private house. The duke was so charmed with the instrument, that on learning it was for sale he declared to Lady Hallé that if she did not complete the purchase he would buy the violin himself. Lady Hallé good-humoredly protested against this determination; and in the end his Royal Highness combined with the late Earl of Dudley and the late Lord Hardwick in purchasing and presenting the instrument to the eminent violinist. Sir Charles Hallé, from whom I have these particulars, remarks that the instrument is still in a state of "perfect preservation."

There are, of course, many other Strads. with a history, the which if one

were to tell it would fill a volume and more. There is, for example, the "Tuscan" Strad., made by the master in 1690. In 1794 this instrument was sold to an Irish amateur for 25*l*. This gentleman's grandson sold it in 1876 for 240*l*. to Mr. Ricardo, who in turn sold it to Messrs. Hill in 1888 for 1,000*l*. From this firm it passed to its present owner, who is said to have refused 2,000*l*. for it. Thus have the prices risen. Then there is the "Betts" Strad., whose record price was broken only by Mr. Crawford's treasure. Betts was a music-seller in London some sixty years ago, and he actually bought this instrument over the counter from a stranger for a guinea! He soon found out its value, and nothing would induce him to part with it, though he was more than once offered 500*l*. for it. Ultimately, some years after the death of Betts, Mr. George Hart purchased it for eight hundred guineas. It was now that Charles Reade went into raptures about the instrument. "Eight hundred guineas," he said, "seems a long price for a dealer to give, but, after all, here is a violin, a picture, and a miracle all in one; and big diamonds increase in number, but these spoils of time are limited forever now." Mr. Hart sold the instrument in 1886, and quite recently it again changed hands at not much less than 2,000*l*. From a guinea to 2,000*l*. in sixty years! There is a romance of reality about *that*. The "Gillott" Strad., now in the possession of a Leeds collector, is so named because it was once the property of the eminent pen-maker. Sixty years ago it was in Mr. Fountain's collection. It is now valued by experts at 1,000*l*., and yet, when it was sold at Christie's in 1872, after Gillott's death, it brought only 290*l*. "amid great excitement." The low price might, however, be accounted for in this case by the fact of so many instruments as Gillott possessed being thrown on the market at the same time. Still, it is a curious circumstance that the highest prices are never secured in the sale room. At Puttick & Simpson's in 1893 a remarkable violin, known as the "Ames"

Strad., in a state of almost perfect preservation, produced only 860*l*., and this was an auction-room record. Again, the highest sale-room figure for a Guarnerius was the six hundred guineas paid for the instrument sold in 1876, and now used by M. Ysaye, the great Belgian violinist.

Of Strad. 'cellos there are only a few in existence, and, quite apart from price, they are practically unobtainable. Mr. Forster tells on very good authority that Stradivarius once sent over some instruments to England on sale, and that they were taken back because the merchant was unable to get as much as 5*l*. for a 'cello. One is at first inclined to rate the amateurs of those days for their stupidity until he remembers that time had then done nothing for the perfection of these instruments. Nowadays, at any rate, there is no difficulty. Mr. Franchomme sold his 'cello for 1,600*l*.; and the "Batta" 'cello was bought by Hill in 1893 for the perfectly fabulous figure of 3,200*l*.! This latter instrument belonged to M. Alexandre Batta, of Paris, and both he and his 'cello were as household words in the musical world of Paris for the last fifty years. He bought the instrument from a French dealer in 1836 for seventy-five hundred francs, a sum which was then considered highly extravagant. Twenty years ago a collector offered him fifty thousand francs for it, and later on a French duke tempted him with just twice that amount. Now, being a man of eighty, he has parted with his treasure—not without a pang, as those who saw him kiss the instrument reverently in the train before Mr. Hill started for England with it could best realize.

Signor Piatti has a magnificent Strad. 'cello, of date 1720. It is known as the "red 'cello" because of the very rich red tint of its varnish. This, too, is an instrument with a history—a history which the signor has courteously sent from the shores of the Lake of Como. The instrument was first brought to England by a Spanish wine merchant, who placed it for sale with a Regent Street dealer, asking 150*l*. for it. For

a long time it failed to find a purchaser even at that low figure. When Piatti first saw it, it was in the hands of a professional musician, named Pigott, in Dublin. The eminent virtuoso at once recognized in it a magnificent instrument, and accordingly he "kept his eye on it." When Pigott died he was unfortunately unable to purchase it, but he brought it to the notice of a dealer, who secured it for 300*l*. It was shortly afterwards sold to General Oliver for 350*l*., and the general, being a friend of Piatti, ultimately presented the 'cello to him with the remark, "I always intended it for you." When Vuillaume saw it some years afterwards he offered 800*l*. for it; and the experts now believe that if put into the market to-day it would bring near 2,000*l*. Signor Piatti, it may readily be understood, takes precious care of his possession. He never runs the risk of carrying it out of London, and has it most carefully bestowed during his absence. This is probably out of sheer affection for the instrument, for nowadays the owner of a Strad. need not be greatly afraid of the thief. Such an instrument has a personality which nothing short of entire demolition can disguise or destroy; and there is undoubtedly something in the remark of a writer that this personality has been a powerful agent in the cause of morality!

But now a few words in closing about one or two of the Guarnerius instruments. Some of the violins of Guarnerius are certainly equal to some of the Strads., but the tone — according to the popular notion, at any rate — is not so easily produced, and, as a rule, our public players prefer Stradivarius when they can get him, his tone being more yielding and requiring less force and pressure to bring it out. Still, there are players who prefer Stradivarius's great rival to Stradivarius himself. There is Mr. Maurice Sons, for example. The Guarnerius violin now in possession of this artist is probably one of the finest instruments of the master in existence. It first became famous through having belonged to

Vieuxtemps, who, in a letter to Mr. Hart — from whom he bought it — speaks of it as being "one of the finest of the purest specimens of the master," and adds that he is "proud actually to possess it, to look at it, and to admire it." In reply to an inquiry for some details regarding the instrument, Mr. Sons sends me the following interesting letter: "The violin is in wonderful preservation, without a single crack; even the linings and corner blocks are original, as well as the label, which is dated 1741. The varnish, which is very thickly put on, is of a magnificent brownish-red, with the golden lustre peculiar to fine old Italian violins, only a small part of the back at the lower end being bare. Its build is flat, with very broad sides, the wood being extremely thick. It would be exceedingly difficult to find an instrument with a bigger, and at the same time, finer quality of tone; and without being prejudiced, I may say that I prefer my violin to most of the many fine ones, including those of Stradivarius, I have seen and played. The workmanship is not refined. I may even call it careless, but there is a rugged grandeur about the violin which is imposing and defies imitation." Referring to the circumstance already noted, that most of our eminent soloists seem to fight shy of instruments by Guarnerius, Mr. Sons says: "The reason why so few artists are playing Guarnerius violins lies chiefly in the fact that there are very few specimens of this master compared with the immense number made by Stradivarius, but partly also because the Strad. is the fashionable instrument. The latter has certainly something very brilliant and noble; but the *fine* violins made by Guarnerius are quite as noble, and have far more richness and depth of tone besides, and are quite as capable of bringing out every shade of expression. My violin must have been very difficult to play when new, on account of the immense thickness of the wood; but Guarnerius was such a consummate master that he knew quite well that in the course of time

this instrument would respond very easily. It does so now in effect, and it is certainly the contrary from being heavy or dry in tone." On the death of Vieuxtemps this violin was sold to the Duc de Campo Selice, who had been a pupil of the virtuoso, and who had one of the finest collections of violins then in existence. It was out of this collection that Mr. Sons acquired the instrument, but he designedly omits to say how much he paid for it.

Mr. J. T. Carrodus is another of our eminent soloists who believe in the virtues of Guarnerius, for he has two instruments of that maker in addition to one by Stradivarius. Mr. Carrodus always used the latter until he purchased the "Cannon" Guarnerius, so called on account of the grandeur of its tone. This latter instrument has a history. Once the property of a Polish nobleman, it was given by him to Paganini, who gambled it away in one of his eccentric escapades. "The price of the instrument," says Mr. Carrodus in a letter, "was 700*l.* twelve years ago when I bought it, and I should not like to take 1,000*l.* for it now." The varnish, a lovely red color, is in remarkably good preservation, and the instrument is altogether in splendid condition. Mr. Carrodus's second Guarnerius he came across by accident about two years ago at Messrs. Hill's. "The varnish," he writes, "is amber, not so rich and artistic as the red of the 'Cannon,' but as to tone I find very little to choose between the two instruments." This second Guarnerius originally belonged to W. Cramer, and latterly it was the property of Alexander Mackenzie, the father of the present principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Mr. Carrodus's Strad. is now used as a solo instrument by his son Bernhard.

The prices of the Guarnerius instruments are steadily rising, and, having regard to the caprices of fashion, it is within the measure of probability that they will yet reach the highest of the Strad. figures. In the *Times* quite recently 1,400*l.* was asked for a violin of this make; and another instrument

from the same hands was sold by Mr. Hart to Signor Nicolini, the husband of Madame Patti, for 1,500*l.* This looks at least promising.

From The Contemporary Review.
ON UNDESIRABLE INFORMATION.

BY E. F. BENSON.

I HAVE still the most vivid remembrance of the first time I saw a magic lantern, and it was as if Fairyland had undergone a sudden incarnation. Jack and the Beanstalk, Robinson Crusoe on his island, Little Miss Moffat, became realities to me. I had read about them in books; I had dreamed about them at night, and thought about them by day; they had been all but real. Then on one memorable evening they appeared; they were no phantoms, for they moved and spoke: Miss Moffat, as large as life, hastily got up from the tuffet—which turned out to be a three-legged stool—on the appearance of an ominous and gigantic spider, uttering shrill cries of dismay; Jack really ascended his beanstalk; Robinson Crusoe alone sat unmoved in gloomy silence on the pink shore of a most desolate land. And the incarnation took place in the dining-room where I had my dinner, and of which I thought I knew every nook and corner.

But even while I looked, wondered, and recognized, the serpent entered into my Paradise. Glancing round, between two of the incarnations, I saw at the far end of the dining-room a black object placed on an erection consisting of a chair and a table; it had a tall funnel, and a brilliant, luminous eye. When we entered the room first, my eye, unaccustomed to the gloom, had not noticed it, and I had groped my way to a chair in a state of mingled apprehension and expectation, thinking of nothing but the big white sheet stretched in front of me from wall to wall. But now I turned to my neighbor, a horribly sophisticated and elderly person of eight, and asked what that black thing was.

She replied: "Oh, don't you know? It's only the magic lantern which throws the pictures on to the sheet."

I was puzzled, and asked what pictures; and she stared at me in pity and disdain.

"Robinson Crusoe, and Miss Moffat," she said.

"But they moved about and talked."

"I don't know how the moving is done," she said, "but of course it's only your papa talking behind the sheet. I recognized his voice at once."

I wonder whether Adam took the apple the first time Eve offered it to him, or whether he did not rather reject it at first, and whether, one afternoon, when he had nothing particular to do, the thought of it recurred to his awakened curiosity. At any rate, it was so with me: I devoted my attention for the rest of the evening to the incarnation of Fairyland, and it was not till two days afterwards, when it was raining and I could not go out, that the thought of the fatal apple came back to me. I reasoned with myself; I quibbled and hesitated; I said that I only wanted to know what had become of the curious black monster with the fiery eye, but I knew it was not so. What I really wanted to know was the truth or the falsehood of the sophisticated person's statement. And so I went up-stairs to the lumber-room.

The black monster stood there on the floor, but his eye was not luminous. I took hold of the chimney, and my hands became sooty; I opened his side—he was only made of japanned tin; and there was a lamp which smelt of oil. Beside him stood a mean deal box of unpretentious dimensions, and in the box were little painted glass slides like handles, and as I slid them up and down, the spider entered to Miss Moffat, and Miss Moffat left the tuffet; Jack made his dismal little way up a tiny beanstalk; only Robinson Crusoe, because he had no handle, sat unmoved on the pink shore of a most desolate land. The sophisticated person was quite right, the possibility of casually meeting Miss Moffat and Robinson

Crusoe in the dining-room had gone forever, and these things are a parable.

The distinguishing characteristic of our age, from which even children, as I have shown, are not free, is curiosity. Our feverish efforts to strip the mystery off everything that is lovely are worthy of nobler guests. We have resolved the rainbow into its component parts; we have learned that the pestilences that walk in darkness are but battalions of germs and bacteria, infinitesimally little; we have found out that sound is only a vibration, and that color is a vibration as well, but a quicker one; and, above all, we love to find out domestic details respecting the lives of eminent artists, poets, and writers.

History, even the humblest, repeats itself, and only two days ago the apple of knowledge again presented itself to my unoccupied gaze on a rainy afternoon, as I lounged in a well-furnished library, in the shape of a complete series of "English Men of Letters," edited by Mr. John Morley. In the same library I had only lately spent a delightful hour over the "Essays of Elia," and my eye naturally sought the label "Charles Lamb." Why did I not stop there? Why did I not refrain from opening the mean deal box in the lumber-room? I do not know—perhaps because I am human, if that helps at all; but, in point of fact, I did not stop there; the volume was a handy one, its bright red cover alluring when I compared it with the sombre, dripping sky. An armchair was by the fire, and I sat down and opened it.

My informant on the subject of Charles Lamb, the cook who dished up the domestic details, was Alfred Ainger; I found his style most agreeable and readable; he told his story with great constructive clearness and lightness of touch, and I read on till I had finished the volume. Then I rose from the chair with a desire to read more that Alfred Ainger had written, and a new-born disinclination to read the writings of Charles Lamb. That the disinclination is temporary I hope and trust; but I know that I shall have to forget what

Alfred Ainger has told me, before I find the same charm I used to find in Elia.

Charles Lamb, I learned, used to drink too much, and apparently he was at his best when he had done so. I am not objecting to that in itself—I wish to pass no moral judgment of any kind; but this habit does not suit with the idea I had formed of the author of these tender, pathetic sketches. He had a Jewish nose, and a complexion so dark “that, when taken in combination with his complete suit of solemn black, it suggested an image cut in ebony.” A most enthusiastic friend admits that to those who did not know him he passed for something between an imbecile, a brute, and a buffoon, and that the first impression he made on ordinary people was always unfavorable, sometimes to a violent and repulsive degree. To Carlyle he and his sister appeared two very “sorry phenomena,” and Lamb’s talk a “ghastly make-believe of wit.” He was in the habit of “stuttering out senseless puns;” nine times out of ten he contrived by this device to send away a whole company of his enemies. In fact, to judge by the account of one who is obviously a great admirer of his, he was one of those most tiresome individuals who are always silent when they ought to be talking, and who often say what they ought not when they should have been silent.

Again, we are told that at a game of whist, when, as one may charitably suppose, his tongue was unloosed by brandy-and-water—a favorite drink of his—his talk “ranged from the maddest drollery to the subtlest criticism,” and, he cried, “Martin, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you’d have!” Whether this offensive ejaculation is the maddest drollery, the subtlest criticism, or something betwixt and between, I do not know; but I feel perfectly certain that in any case, whether subtle or droll, it was in the worst possible taste. On another occasion, when a total stranger was having tea with Haydon the painter, Wordsworth, Keats, and Charles Lamb, the

total stranger asked Wordsworth whether he did not think Milton a great genius. Lamb was dozing by the fire; but he turned round and said: “Pray, sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?” “No, sir,” said the stranger, with pardonable severity, “I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not?” “Oh,” said Lamb, “then you are a silly fellow.” This is ill-bred enough in all conscience, but worse was to follow. An “awful pause” ensued, as well it might, and then the unfortunate stranger said: “Don’t you think Newton a great genius?” Haydon, the host, says he could stand it no longer; and Keats affected to read a book. Ritchie, of whom we have not heard before, and of whom I was glad to see we do not hear again, “squeezed in a laugh.” The rest of the paragraph is worth quoting *verbatim*.

Lamb got up, and, taking a candle, said, “Would you allow me to examine your phrenological development?”

He then turned his back on the poor man—the unfortunate stranger was a comptroller of stamps—and at every question of the comptroller he chanted:—

Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on.

Lamb continued to give obligato encores of this doggerel rhyme, and then rising, exclaimed, “Do let me have another look at that gentleman’s organs.” His friends very properly hurried him out of the room, but until he left the house he could be heard calling at intervals, “Who is that fellow? Allow me to see his organs once more.”

Next to his execrable manners, his habit of making puns must have been most trying. He writes a letter to a friend, in which he records gravely that Hazlitt has written a treatise on grammar which Godwin sells bound up with one of his own on language, “but the grey mare is the better horse.” It is only fair to add that he explains this pun at length. This depressing chapter on “personal characteristics” ends with a joke about the “wind being tempered to the shorn Lambs.”

Now, what concerns us most about Charles Lamb is the fact that he wrote "Elia," and because he wrote "Elia" it is perhaps natural that we should wish to learn more about him; it seems to us somehow necessary that his domestic life should have about it some of the distinction and pathos which mark those wonderful pages. But what, if we come to think of it, can be more unreasonable of us? What has the beauty of "Elia" got to do with the life of Charles Lamb? What charms us in such a book is style, and style only, a training in good English, coupled with the genius to assimilate it; its charm does not depend on incidents, but on the skilful presentation of images in Charles Lamb's mind. We are told, and there is every reason to believe it, that "Elia" is largely autobiographical; but that is no reason why we should expect the biography of Charles Lamb to charm us. His ideal autobiography—his ideal of himself, presented by himself in an artistic form—is a widely different matter. There is something pathetic in the "Confession of a Drunkard," because the subject is artistically treated; but there is nothing beautiful in the fact that Charles Lamb drank more brandy-and-water than was good for him, and the knowledge that he did, if it has any effect on us at all in relation to the "Confession of a Drunkard," is to produce a certain disillusionment. The process of production is seldom a beautiful one. The pictures on the sheet, "Miss Moffat," "Robinson Crusoe," and the rest, were just as beautiful after I had been to the lumber-room and investigated the mean deal box, but they would never be the same again. Because Lamb had an admirable style, why should we suppose that his domestic life was admirable, and why are we disappointed when we find it was not?

If a man writes beautiful prose or beautiful poetry, paints beautiful pictures, or composes beautiful music, we seem to think that his life must be beautiful, or at any rate interesting. It need not be either the one or the other,

and the chances are, both theoretically and practically, as I shall try to show, that it will not be. At present we need only say that because we see a flower is beautiful, we do not straightway grub at the roots, expecting to find them beautiful too, nor are we filled with disappointment because they are not. They are not even interesting, except to the botanist, unless the flower is a potato-flower or an artichoke-flower. Here, in passing, we may remark that for the most part beautiful flowers have inedible roots, and that the beauty of an artichoke-flower would seldom fill us with a desire to learn more about the plant, which illustrates the great truth which Mr. Ruskin is so fond of inculcating, that beauty is an end in itself.

To return for a moment to "Elia," what charms in that ideal Lamb is not the fact that an old man was the faithful servant of the South Sea House, that Mrs. Battle was a keen whist-player, but the manner in which those things are presented to us. But because we know that the essays are autobiographical, we are quite wrong if we expect to find any charm in Charles Lamb's biography. In themselves the facts are not beautiful.

Let us suppose, for instance, that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was commissioned to read "Elia" very carefully and produce it again in his own words and in the first person; we should, no doubt, get a very charming and whimsical piece of work, but we should be wrong in expecting the admirers of the other "Elia" to be at all charmed with it, because Charles Lamb's style is one thing, and Mr. Kipling's quite a different thing. Again, if Mr. Kipling wrote a life of Charles Lamb, it would certainly be very unlike the essays of "Elia," and those who admire the latter would probably think the former much inferior. "Elia" is an artistic work, and need have nothing to do with the personal character of Charles Lamb, indeed we ought to know that in all probability it will not. For art is a life-pervading instinct to a few only; to most it is the result of patient labor and work, cultivating a special gift.

Literature is not improvisation, and art is not nature ; it ceases to be art if it is. An ideal autobiography probably bears little resemblance to a man's life. Vicious men write beautiful things ; many good men are quite incapable of writing anything beautiful. If we read Charles Lamb's life because we like "Elia," we shall have to read the letters of Dr. W. G. Grace or of John Roberts, junior, when these supreme exponents of their arts are no longer with us, because we are filled with rapture at the doctor's off-drives, and with envy of Mr. Roberts's all-round breaks. "Elia" is the result of a special skill, a special gift ; the same may be said of Dr. Grace's batting and John Roberts's billiard-playing. We do not necessarily expect to find a corresponding dash and brilliance in the private life of John Roberts, and we ought not to expect to find tenderness and pathos in the domestic details of Charles Lamb's life.

What is there to account for this unreasonable curiosity ? Surely we have had lessons enough. We go to a concert and hear the "Sonata Pathétique," and if we are musical we must needs be profoundly touched. Surely the composer of it must have made of our ugly, commonplace, scrappy life one artistic whole. Surely in his lighter moments his humor must have danced and sparkled like his own scherzos ; surely the troubles of his life must have been borne with a sweet reasonableness which will move our pity and love. But what do we find ? Beethoven was the most impossible of men in social and private life. One evening he got angry because a nobleman talked while he was playing, and he rose from the piano, saying, "I play no more to such hogs." His beard he suffered to grow an inch long, his ears were filled with yellow cotton-wool. He upset the ink all over the piano, and used to cut himself terribly whenever he shaved. He used the snuffers as a toothpick in Madame Ertmann's drawing-room. At dinner he threw the soup at the waiter, and at breakfast bad eggs one by one at the cook. Some of these things are puerile, and they are all of them pain-

ful. The yolk of those eggs stains the "Sonata Pathétique."

Lord Tennyson was often very rude to his guests ; he did not throw soup at the waiter, but he dropped it all over his own waistcoat. He used to smoke the vilest tobacco in short clay pipes, and, unless we made a determined effort to forget this distasteful habit, the smell of that most virulent shag will hang like a fetid veil between us and the divinest lyrics in "Maud" and "The Princess." The women of his dream came to him, not walking delicately over the short-cropped turf of the summer island, when the sun cut the rim of its marriage ring at evening or at morning, nor when the austere stars looked down from a bare heaven, but through the smoke-laden atmosphere of that low-roofed study, coughing involuntarily and painfully at the acrid tobacco smoke. The rooks which he heard calling "Maud" as evening was falling, called across a table littered with stale dottels of pipes and broken cutties.

It is, however, only fair to say that the late laureate disliked this terrible raking up of personal details as much as any one. He used to thank God that we knew nothing of the life of William Shakespeare. He lamented that authors were cut up like pigs ; he knew that he would be cut up like a pig, and he again thanked God that nobody could cut up Shakespeare like a pig. Long may this inability continue.

Mr. Symonds has cut up Michael Angelo like a pig ; he has told us that he never took off his boots, and that when on one occasion he did do so, the skin came off with them. Shelley—even Shelley—has been cut up like a pig ; he is no longer a dim, radiant shape, a spirit of morning and evening and southern noonday, but a badly dressed figure diving into a baker's shop in Oxford Street and emerging with a loaf of bread under his arm, which he tears to pieces and stuffs in his mouth as he walks along. He deserts his wife, who is with child, leaving her suddenly and unexpectedly, and within forty days he elopes with

some one else. And Mr. Symonds is again the pork-butcher.

Almost saddest of all, Mr. and Mrs. Browning sit in adjoining rooms for three hours every morning, and write impassioned lyrics at their study tables. Why, even the very knowledge that another person was writing poetry in the next room ought to have prevented either of them from laying pen to paper. Could anything be more fatal to inspiration? If it did not kill Browning's inspiration, it ought to have.

Why is there this demand for domestic details? Is it part of the pestilence which walks not in darkness, but in light, and insists on tearing the veil off everything beautiful? Would a nineteenth-century Hero find ample consolation for Leander's death in conducting a *post mortem* examination of his body? If, on the other hand, it is due simply to the fact that when people admire a work of art they want to know something about the writer, surely we have had lessons enough. That excellent and well-written series of "English Men of Letters" is a shelf full of disillusionments. There is scarcely one beautiful life among them; even when the artist is overlaid with admirable moral qualities, and free from disgusting habits, he is intensely dull. The life of Wordsworth ought to have for a sub-title, "How to be Happy though Stupid."

My point, however, is that we have no right to expect entertainment or edification from the life of a man who has produced beautiful things. More than that, we ought to expect that a man who produces beautiful things leads either an ugly life or a dull one. For creation is passionate effort, and, inasmuch as artists are human, it is only reasonable to expect that to them the intervals between creation and creation are periods when the balance swings back, when by the cruel law of compensation, inasmuch as they have been living above the normal level of existence, they fall back below the normal level. Their mind and their soul have been strained to a point be-

yond the possibilities of ordinary men, and in the intervals they tend to be puerile or purely recuperative. They either take long, dull walks in the country, or smoke bad tobacco, or their animal spirits, chained up too long, come out rampant, and they throw soup at the waiter, or make execrable puns. Beethoven apparently was always creating, and his non-creative part was utterly untended and uncared-for. How could it be otherwise? He had not time to look after it, and in his eyes it becomes, as it ought to become in the eyes of all the world, absolutely unimportant. Yet, having heard the "Sonata Pathétique," we turn with gusto to the "Dictionary of Music."

Our safest course, unless we are very sure of ourselves, is studiously to avoid anything that deals with the ordinary life of artists. The chances are that, as dished up for the popular taste, such lives will contain details that will either disgust or weary us, and then, unless we are very sure of ourselves, that knowledge will quite wrongly come between us and the beautiful thing. It cannot possibly stimulate our admiration for "Maud" to know that the author was smoking shag when he composed it; it may lessen our admiration for it, and the abatement of our admiration for a beautiful thing is not compensated for by the acquisition of a little tag of useless knowledge swept up from the dust-heap of irrelevant facts.

Biography is a most charming form of literature, and makes the study of history possible to many who entertain the liveliest horror of books of historical narrative. But history, which is the proper function of biography, is to be learned by reading the lives, not of artists and poets, but of men of action. The events that led up to the battle of Waterloo cannot be completely grasped unless our reading includes a careful study of the biography of Napoleon; but the causes which led up to the writing of "Prometheus Unbound" are things which cannot be written, because nobody knows them. Certainly they cannot be referred to

the purchase of the loaf in the shop in Oxford Street, or its subsequent fate. Shelley concerns us primarily as a poet, not as a man, for to a certain extent an artist sacrifices the latter to the former.

Whatever in Shelley's life illustrates his poetry is of course useful and welcome. But biographers of artists have felt the almost total absence of such illustrations, and they make up for this deficiency by accounts of their victims' personal habits, which, for the most part, are those of other men, only less so. And such knowledge to admirers of poet or artist is, or ought to be, utterly unwelcome and uninteresting, because in reality it has nothing to do with the poet; it is utterly irrelevant. On the other hand, when such knowledge has been acquired it is difficult to dissociate it altogether from the man who produced the poetry, who is not to be confounded with the man who ate loaves in Oxford Street; and if the details in the life of the latter are unlovely, they may possibly be dangerous, and spoil the artistic pleasure which one feels in works of art. And if this happens in any degree whatsoever, the reader loses a certain amount of pleasure and admiration, which the work of art gave him, and gave him legitimately, but which now has been taken from him, and taken by his own fault.

There are, of course, in all such books passages which are highly suggestive. Nothing can be more picturesque, or more conducive to the pleasure we take in Shelley's poetry, than his own account of how he writes. "When my brain gets heated with thought," he says, "it soon boils, and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off." The remark was *à propos* of a first draught he had made of that exquisite lyric, "Ariel to Miranda," which is described as "a frightful scrawl; words smeared over with his finger, and one upon the other, over and over in tiers . . . it might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh overgrown with bulrushes, and the blots for wild duck!"

What could be more vivid, more illustrative of the feverish spontaneity,

the blaze of heaped-up luminous color, like a sunset by Turner, which pervades Shelley's poetry? It is worth something to know that the wealth of imagery, of gorgeous coloring, is only a selection of what passed through his brain. Such knowledge concerns us directly with Shelley as a poet. But why—oh, why—should we be told about the baker's shop?

Again, in the life of Charles Lamb there is at least one touch of infinite pathos which tells us about Elia, which therefore we care to know, and not about Charles Lamb's foolish puns. His sister, to whom he attached himself with the most whole-hearted self-abandonment throughout his life, was liable to fits of madness, in one of which she killed her own mother. Later on these fits were preceded by some warning, and she would go voluntarily with her brother to the asylum before they obtained complete mastery over her. A friend of the Lambs has related how on one occasion he met the brother and sister, at such a season, walking hand in hand across the field to the old asylum, both bathed in tears. That is the true Elia.

From The National Review.
IRELAND UNVISITED.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

THE formation of an Irish Tourist Committee, after the holding of a successful public meeting in Dublin, seems to offer an excuse for a few remarks upon the two objects which this influential and representative body of Irish gentlemen desires to promote.

These are: (1) The diffusion among intending tourists of all information concerning the country's attractions, and (2) the provision of better hotels and improved facilities of all kinds, to greet the traveller thus tempted to cross St. George's Channel. Be the cause what it may, it is beyond dispute that Ireland has not received her full share of the vast and increasing harvest reaped from tourist traffic during the last few years. She is an

unknown land to many who have watched the midnight sun dip and rise at the North Cape, or have seen the battered features of the Sphinx transfigured under the light of a "hard Arabian moon." There are others, however, who have toiled while she has slept. The delights of Norway were until lately almost exclusively reserved for the lucky lessees of a salmon river, but within the last year or two a vast stream of travellers has flooded the country during the summer months; nor can this movement be altogether explained by the suggestion of a national craving to view the land of "Hedda Gabler" and the "Doll's House." As a matter of fact, the Scandinavian tourist traffic, like the Danish butter trade, is the outcome of an ingenious and elaborate organization; and the application to Ireland of a system as perfect would, in the opinion of many well able to judge, meet with as complete a reward.

It is true that in this matter Ireland labors under a series of disadvantages.

In the first place, many excellent people still believe that Ireland, particularly the much-abused "South and West," is a risky country to visit, like Somaliland, or the Solomon Islands. The possible need of a revolver is darkly hinted at, and at one of the great tourist agencies in London it has been a standing joke that the buyer of an Irish circular ticket has always provided himself with a life insurance coupon as well. The few Englishmen who know even a little of social life in Ireland will appreciate the ludicrous topsy-turvydom of this superstition; certainly the present writer would far sooner tramp at midnight along the roads round Corofin or Castleisland, than upon those within a few miles of his own English home; in fact, there is no country, in Europe at any rate, throughout which the wayfarer, be he prosperous or humble, is so sure of a genial word and a friendly guidance as he is in Ireland. Even in "the bad times," the sinister henchmen of Captain Moonlight would have nothing but a civil greeting for the passing stran-

ger, however forgetful they might be of their duty towards their neighbor in the cabin over the hill.

In the next place, we have heard much of the alleged inferiority of Irish hotels, a subject which engaged the eloquence of several speakers at the Leinster House meeting. Father Healy, whose loss his friends in England and Ireland still lament, used to tell of an Irish town boasting two hotels, at neither of which it was possible for a man to remain for ten minutes without regretting that he had not tried the other; and it is rather rashly assumed that this melancholy embarrassment of choice exists everywhere, when choice is to be found at all. The consequence is that two distinct views are held by different persons equally in earnest on the main point that tourists ought somehow to be attracted to Ireland. On the one hand it is urged, Why lure people to places at which there is no good hotel? they will only return disgusted to their own land, holding out danger signals to other possible travellers, and even in extreme cases resorting to the Briton's final weapon—a letter to the *Times*.

Others maintain that the demand must create the supply; that it is absurd to suppose that inns, provided with every luxury, will arise in the wilderness until the need for them has been proved by an enlarged migration of travellers, and that nothing but the complaints of pioneers can ensure the ease of those that come after.

There is an element of truth in each of these conflicting views. It would certainly be bad policy to issue flaming pictorial posters in advertisement of districts which lack hotel accommodation altogether, or in which it is so rough as to deter ordinary travellers; such lures should be reserved for the beaten tracks on which a chain of comfortable inns exists already.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that those who are led further afield by a wish for solitude, or a hope of wilder sport, must be prepared to suffer some degree of discomfort. The louder their complaint the better, for

they are the victims of ignorance and not of malice. Before a reasonable standard of plain comfort can be reached all over the country, it may be necessary that a few unlucky travellers should have

looked at each other with a wild surmise, when confronted with the eggs or the towels of some of the remoter inns.

But this state of things is in no way peculiar to Ireland. To say nothing of the British Isles, some of us may recall out-of-the-way places of entertainment in Germany, and the unspeakable combinations of food offered thereat; or inns at some lesser Italian towns with cavernous bedrooms looking on to sunless courtyards, homes of fever, within which no sane man would drink a glass of water as he valued his life.

The fact is that a great deal of mischief has been done by loose usage of the phrase "roughing it," a condition to which a flavor of merit is supposed to attach, though it is by no means the same thing as being uncomfortable. A wise person will not willingly face the one, though he may tolerate, or even enjoy, the other experience. Under some circumstances of exciting travel or of agreeable companionship, shortness of supplies may be an incident to be cheerfully accepted, and even almost welcomed as amusing. We are in the mood for adventures, and smoothness of living seems an incongruity, just as in our youthful days we resented the irritating certainty with which all the necessities, and most of the luxuries, of life fell into the laps of that preposterous party, the Swiss Family Robinson. But unheroic discomfort is altogether another matter, as hotel managers must be taught. For instance, Montanus may have undergone amazing hardships in order to shoot an *Ovis Poli*, but his wife knows that she can rely on no condonation for a disastrous dinner; while it is related of Africanus, the eminent traveller, that, being invited for a banquet to a place in which ice for the champagne was forgotten, or not to be obtained, he refused to be comforted, but re-

mained in speechless dudgeon throughout the whole evening.

It is to be hoped that before many years have passed, hotels of various grades, but approaching in each case the best Swiss or Scottish standard, may be found at all places in Ireland to which tourists are for any reason likely to resort. That this is not yet the case may frankly be owned. But in view of some sweeping denunciations which have been uttered, and may be uttered again, it is only right to add that on the better known lines of travel much has been done, and is being done, in the right direction.

Three of the principal tours, each of which would well occupy a short holiday, may be briefly classified as follows:—

(1.) The South Kerry tour, starting from Killarney by Caragh Lake and Valentia to Waterville, thence to Parknasilla, Kenmare, and Glengarriff.

(2.) The Connemara tour, from Galway to Recess, Cashel, Letterfrack, and Leenane, thence into County Mayo and Achill Island, or by the Maam Valley to Ballinrobe.

(3.) The Northern tour, starting from Belfast by Portrush and Lough Swilly to Rosapenna, thence to Gweedore, and through the Donegal Highlands to Killibegs or Bundoran.

On (1) the Southern Hotels Company have taken the hotel service in hand. At this moment really good accommodation can be obtained at easy distances along the whole route, and when the company have completed their new hotels, and their additions to existing houses, there will be little to which the most critical traveller could take exception.

On routes (2) and (3) matters are not in quite so forward a state, but there are many good or tolerably good inns; and here, too, combined enterprise is at work with excellent results. A little preliminary enquiry will enable anybody to avoid one or two black spots not here to be named, at which entertainment is notoriously below the average. There are some gaps, too, to be filled. In several cases the good

hotels are too far apart for those who like to journey at leisure, or those who are led by the study of archæology or the hope of sport to linger in some particular district. No great amount of time or of money would be needed to complete the circuit in these instances. Large and showy caravanserais are not required in places which have to thrive upon the fruits of a brief summer season. The wisest and most economical course is to start each hotel with a limited number of bedrooms, and a small staff of servants, until pressure shows the need for enlargement, while from the first building the dining-room and other reception-rooms should be of such a size as to admit a larger number without structural alteration.

It may also be hoped that in the more popular resorts good hotels may be founded or remodelled on non-competitive lines with tariffs suited to different tastes and pockets. This is already the case in some places, at Killarney, for example, where there are no fewer than thirteen hotels of various classes. Again, in remoter parts of the country, where appearances need not be considered, wooden or iron houses with bedrooms for single travelers can be put up at a small cost as annexes to existing hotels. In one instance such a wooden building has been erected at a cost of £350, accommodating nine persons, in connection with a small hotel, while a larger stone building is rising from its foundations. The Norwegian hotels also, built entirely of wood, one of which was placed at Rosapenna in County Donegal, by the late Lord Leitrim, who did so much for the district which now laments his premature loss, must not be forgotten. They are far cheaper than stone or brick houses, and are clean and cheerful to live in; it certainly seems that others might with great advantage be erected at suitable points in Ireland.

The three routes indicated above have been chosen as likely to afford a pleasant, and not too feverishly hurried, outing for a business man's short holiday; but they are very far indeed from exhausting the list of Ireland's

attractions. Some caution on this point is necessary, as many people, it is believed, are still under the impression that the physical beauties of Ireland are two only in number—the Giant's Causeway and the Lakes of Killarney. But for these, it is generally understood, the tourist might as well stay at home, and quaff the cup of pleasure in Blackpool or Southend-on-Sea. Nothing could be further from the truth. Our three journeys take no account of the pleasant environs of Dublin, of the Wicklow Hills, of the unequalled charm of the Suir and the Blackwater, of Cork Harbor, of the Shannon and the strange limestone scenery of Clare, or on the north-east, of Rosstrevor and the Mourne Mountains, of the great inland Loughs, or of historical Drogheda and the Boyne.

Of the climate, often quoted as affording another objection to an Irish tour, it is only necessary to say that in the matter of rainfall it does not compare unfavorably with that of western Scotland. As in the Scottish Highlands, the moister atmosphere clothes the landscape and the ocean-plain with a kind of pearly light, a mysteriousness of distance, not to be found in harsher and dryer latitudes. Even under sad skies it is to be hoped that this charm may in some degree compensate travellers less fortunate than the present writer, who has met with little bad weather throughout five tours undertaken at different times of the year in various parts of Ireland.

It is now time to mention some of the advantages which the country has to offer to strangers. In an article such as this there is no need to enlist the attention of specialists in architecture, in archæology, or ethnology, who may be trusted to find their own hunting-grounds, and pursue their own quarry. But John Bull, with his red guide-book under his arm, may need to be reminded of the fables and legends, of the tales of warriors and saints, in which Ireland is so rich; and of the uncouth or beautiful memorials of the past, which cluster round his road, and here and there may tempt his footsteps

from the beaten track between inn and inn. Those who have not made a special study of the subject will perhaps be surprised at the grandeur and extent of some old-world ruins which they may visit. They may also possibly hear the erection of these monuments of a bygone age ascribed by a confidential car-driver to "the Board of Works in old days," that department being sometimes held responsible for all structures of a certain importance—even Round Towers.

In the region of sport, a comparison with Scotland naturally suggests itself—a comparison which, for the purpose of this article, Ireland need not hesitate to face. Throughout the United Kingdom, good shooting, strictly so called, is entirely in private hands, and is the monopoly of the well-to-do. But those who are not afraid of hard walking amid fine scenery for the chance of a small mixed bag, perhaps including some of the rarer wild fowl, will be more likely to find their opportunity in Ireland than elsewhere. In many districts, poaching, of which more will be said presently in another connection, prevents anything like an abundance of game. But close preserving means organized shooting parties, and is no boon to the ordinary traveller. On the other hand, in Ireland a letter or two of introduction will often procure him an offer of sport; large tracts of rough shooting belonging to non-resident landlords are in the hands of their agents, or are lent to neighboring small proprietors, who may welcome a chance companion for a day scarcely worth offering to a regularly invited guest. Some hotel proprietors, too, have wisely taken up shooting rights over mountain land, so as to give autumn and winter visitors a chance of healthful exercise with the pleasure of bringing home a few woodcock, snipe, or wild fowl, when fortune is favorable.

It is to fishing, however, that travellers will mainly look for amusement. At most points along the coast sea-fishing is obtainable, sometimes with the rod for pollock, etc., or more often

with hand lines, for many different varieties needless to mention.

As in the case of shootings, so the best rod-fishing in rivers and lakes is in private hands, and is strictly preserved. But short of the very best waters, good sport with salmon, sea-trout, and brown trout may fall to the share of an ordinary tourist. In many of the lakes fishing is altogether free, in other cases it has been secured for the benefit of visitors at particular hotels. It is impossible here to go into particulars, but all information is within easy reach of those who need it. Speaking broadly, here too the Irish tourist will find himself distinctly more favored than the Scottish; and for the present, while opportunities are more numerous and varied, there are fewer who take advantage of them. As the country becomes better known, the balance will doubtless be corrected; already wise old anglers who have silently started every summer to some happy valley known only to themselves, are beginning to grumble at the appearance of a new generation as eager for sport as they are; but a fisherman whose ambition does not soar towards a fashionable stretch of one of the well-known rivers, can still find many places at which, with ordinary perseverance and good luck, he will not run great risk of a blank day.

But there is a dark reverse to the picture. Fish-poaching is almost universal in Ireland, and in a country where graver breaches of the law have been regarded, excusably or otherwise, with indifference and even with approval, interference with these particular rights of property meets with little condemnation from the rural community. Salmon are relentlessly pursued by illegal netting and snatching, by poisoning the streams with lime, or with the deadly milk-like juice of the wild spurge (*Euphorbia*), and, in the spawning season, by "burning the water" and spearing the weakened and useless fish by hundreds in the shallows. A large illicit trade is done through "highly respectable" receivers in the towns, and in spite of

the efforts of the constabulary and of hosts of water bailiffs, convictions are relatively few. Fines are often large and are never trivial, unless mitigated by the executive to meet special cases; but little impression seems to be made upon the delinquents, who often club together to pay the losses of those who are so unlucky as to be caught.

Apart from the considerable gains derived from poaching, repression is made more difficult by the fact that every Irishman is a born sportsman, and that the excitement of these midnight raids is a relief to the dull routine of country life. Sheer "devilry," as the culprits themselves will admit, is the motive in many cases — the charm of doing what is forbidden, the spirit that smashes street lamps and compels undergraduates to walk with hat and stick at hours at which cap and gown are ordained. For after all, a spawning salmon is not a very valuable prize, and though the prey is sometimes salted for an unappetizing meal, it is often thrown away by the river bank. The active lads, laborers, and farmers' sons, braving the mid-winter nights in flannel shirt and trousers, and so outpacing the more comfortably clad bailiffs in a chase over the bog, often enjoy the run, and the possible fight if they are cornered, as much as any part of the performance.

The surest hope of a reformation, as in other kindred cases, is to enlist on the side of order the sound forces of public opinion, which at present have only an unconcerned shrug for these particular law-breakers. When the inhabitants of a district begin to realize what advantages the tourists bring in their train — the widened markets and higher prices for produce, the hiring of cars and ponies, the engagement of guides, and gillies, and golf caddies — they will also appreciate the folly of driving away the patient birds who lay these golden eggs, merely in order that a few "bad boys" may enjoy a midnight prowl and slaughter some uneatable fish.

One may confidently anticipate that

parish priests — so often, it is pleasant to be able to assert, the guides of their flock in the paths of common sense — will use their influence towards this desired result. When it is considered that in some parts of the country the Church, by holding up a warning finger, has killed the trade in illicit whiskey, once not less dear to the western peasant, nor less venial in his eyes, it is difficult to believe that similar pressure would not avail here. Over and above the necessity of preserving private rights, which must be maintained without favor by the law, an appeal to self-interest ought to be a powerful lever with which to stir up general disapproval of so ruinous a practice. The reward to the community would be both handsome and immediate.

To the great and ever increasing army of cyclists of both sexes, Ireland has many charms to offer. Since the bicycle has received the sacred stamp of fashion both in London and in Paris, its riders have been seeking for new paths to travel, and we hear of expeditions to Normandy and the Loire, and of flying journeys along the Corniche Road. Several excellent plans might be devised for a week's or a fortnight's tour in Ireland on well-designed and mended roads, clear for the most part of dangerous gradients, in the region of the better hotels. Managers and landlords (unlike Brabantio), will welcome the arrival of

An extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere,

and the said stranger, if travelling for his amusement, and not for the establishment of a long-distance record, will find easy means of sending his heavier goods from point to point as he goes. The roads, in most of the counties which a cyclist is likely to traverse, are decidedly good, and in some cases excellent, in proportion to the skill and activity of the different county surveyors. In fact, a bicyclist might make sure of pleasant travel along the whole coast-line of Ireland, even though he may encounter no such adventures as

fell to the lot of the travellers who woke poor Mr. Kerrigan from his routine of disappointed existence in Miss Barlow's touching story.

Those to whom a larger outlay is no objection, and who wish to see as much as possible in a short space of time, will find a car with two horses driven tandem an admirable means of getting over the country. It is the most handy and least cramping of carriages; you are taken up the steepest of hills at a fast canter and without effort, and except perhaps in the exhilarating gallop of a well-hung Cape cart, the tiresomeness of being driven as opposed to driving is never felt so little as on a fairly horsed Irish car.

It is hardly necessary to allude to golf, for though there are now many links, some of which are first-rate, the solemn enthusiasts of the game are not likely to honor by their patronage a country in which the game is admittedly an exotic. The tourist, however, who enjoys a game now and again, will find plenty of opportunities for indulging his taste.

A certain number of yachtsmen have been in the habit of visiting the Irish coast, especially the south-west as far as Bantry Bay, but the fine coast northward has not received due attention. An impression has prevailed that navigation is there difficult if not dangerous, and that supplies are uneasy to obtain. With steam at any rate, or auxiliary steam, no such fears need be felt. Along the greater part of the west coast good anchorage can be reached at frequent intervals, and ordinary commodities can be procured except at one or two isolated points in the wildest districts. It stands to reason that heavy weather must sometimes be encountered off shores which meet the full brunt of Atlantic storms, and a small yacht might conceivably be weather-bound for some days in one of the many safe harbors to which she may run for shelter. But this is the worst that is likely to happen. On the other hand, there is the pleasant freedom of sailing on the great ocean, and the scenery can scarcely be overpraised.

From Waterford to Youghal and Cork Harbor, from Kinsale by Castle Townsend to Bantry Bay, up the unequalled Kenmare River, by Valentia to the Shannon, then on past the cliffs of Clare, Galway, and the Arran Islands, to Roundstone and the deep, silent fiord of Killery, round Achill with its grand sea-front of rocks, to Blacksod Bay and desolate Erris, and northward still to Killala, where the French landed, to Sligo, and Killibegs, and Teelin, where the cliffs of Slieve League rise fifteen hundred feet sheer from the sea—all along this singularly varied coast there is a perpetually changing delight of prospect, from the extreme luxuriance of southern vegetation at one point, to the grandeur of bare cliff and rocky peak at another, from bays and quiet lagoons of Mediterranean blue, to the break of great Atlantic rollers against storm-beaten islands, where myriads of sea-birds build.

The Channel passage from Holyhead, which at present daunts many, will lose some of its terrors with the provision of new steamers and a shorter transit. Even as it is, nine times out of ten only hopelessly bad sailors have much to dread; and to many of these the short sea passage by Stranraer and Larne offers a possible alternative. It is greatly to be hoped that the quickened activity of railway and hotel companies in Ireland will be rewarded by a corresponding movement in England. Irishmen must clearly understand that the one is conditional upon the other, that travellers will come because it pleases them to do so, and not in order to put money into the pockets of this or that company, or even to aid the poor inhabitants of such or such a district. But an Englishman, on his side, may fairly ask himself whether, beyond and above the mere pleasure of an agreeable journey, he may not hope to learn something from a visit to Ireland. He may be a solitary traveller avoiding his kind, like Hazlitt, as he describes himself sitting down to a cold chicken and a bottle of sherry, with a volume of the *New Eloisa* at the inn at

Llangollen. Or he may be of the gregarious tribe, enjoying the clatter of knives and forks at a crowded *table-d'hôte*, and finding the best repose from his business in the company of strangers. He may, perhaps, have studied some of the ancient history of the country, or have primed himself with the stories of another Ireland, the Ireland of extremes — reckless joviality above and dumb misery below — the land of Miss Edgeworth, and Lever, and Sir Jonah Barrington. Or he may have read the books of others who depict with sympathy and insight the quieter Ireland of to-day, where the pitch is lower, and the tints are greyer, and the voices of mirth and sorrow are alike more hushed — the Ireland of Miss Lawless and Miss Barlow. In any case, when he comes fitted out, with a set of preconceived opinions, he may find some things to confirm, but also, let him be sure, many things to modify them.

If as he goes he seizes each opportunity of a ten minutes' talk with representatives of different classes — landlords, agents, priests, farmers, laborers, and constabulary, he will hear some things to surprise, and some to sadden him. But he will also, perhaps, return home with a feeling towards Ireland not merely of greater kindness, but of deeper respect, having learned something of the noble patience of the poor, and the piety and charity of all classes; and it may be hoped he will be a little ashamed of the airs of patronage which at first he felt himself entitled to display. He will gain some dim understanding of that pathetic charm of Ireland which makes her perhaps the best loved by her sons of any country in the world, and which powerfully affects even those who, like the present writer, are but sojourners within her borders. He may return also with a wholesome conviction that the less he dogmatizes for the future about Irish character and Irish problems of government, the less likely he will be to make a fool of himself.

At any rate let him come and see with his own eyes. Says Thackeray of

one favorite spot: "Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder. Perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean or Baltic, English visitors would flock to it by hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland?"

From The Argosy.

LORD CAMELFORD.

BY CHARLES BRUCE-ANGIER.

THOMAS PITT, second and last Lord Camelford in the peerage of the United Kingdom, an officer in his Majesty's navy, was born on 26th February, 1775, and the sad story of his wasted life and tragical end is one which cannot fail to awaken interest in readers of every rank; for though largely gifted with good qualities, and placed high upon the platform of life, he chose to sacrifice himself to the waywardness of his disposition, and in the end fell a martyr to his own folly and eccentricities.

He was the great-grandson of Robert Pitt, the famous governor of Madras, who, the best part of two centuries ago, founded the fortunes of the family by the advantageous purchase of a diamond superior in size to the Koh-i-noor, and said to be now worth 800,000*l.*, which he sold in Europe with great profit to the Duc d'Orleans, regent of France. The subject of this sketch was moreover allied to some of the first families in the kingdom, his father, who was elevated to the peerage in 1784, being nephew to the Earl of Chatham, the "great commoner," and his sister the wife of Lord Grenville. But he is chiefly remarkable for having assassinated an unresisting man; for having set off to invade a great and warlike nation single-handed; for having wrenched off many London door-knockers, beat many constables, fought a mob single-handed with a bludgeon, and for having mauled a gentleman without provocation and having to pay 500*l.* damages.

While yet a boy, though vigorous and manly, he was in spirit and temper peculiar and unmanageable; indeed,

all through his short though eventful career, he showed himself to be a singular compound of vices and virtues; the sort of man who, though decorated with the "legion of honor" for his pluck and heroism, would be hung at Tyburn for his devilries. He received the first rudiments of his education under a tutor at Berne in Switzerland, from whose care he passed on to Charterhouse when about ten or twelve years old. But he did not stay there long, for nothing would satisfy this young cadet of nobility but the roving and adventurous life of a sailor.

It was no difficult matter for a cousin of the premier to obtain a commission; so in the year 1789 we find him joining as midshipman the frigate *Guardian*, commanded by the gallant Captain Riou, and laden with stores for the then infant colony of convicts settled at Botany Bay. The ship met with misfortunes which were well calculated to inure the young seaman to the freaks of the element which he had for a time chosen as his "stage." When all endeavors to save the vessel proved fruitless, and her commander gave the crew word to take to the boats, Lord Camelford was one of those who to the number of ninety resolutely resolved to remain in the ship and share the same fate as their gallant commander.

However, in the end, after an escape little short of a miracle, they got the wreck—for such she is described—to the Cape of Good Hope; and I need only say that thus early did Lord Camelford exhibit the same contempt for danger which marks his career throughout, and which more often savors rather of the nature of recklessness than of bravery.

In the September of 1790 he landed once more upon English soil, and undaunted by the hardships and dangers he had undergone, young Pitt posted straight up to London, where he waited upon my lords of the Admiralty, and bringing his family influence to bear upon them, ultimately obtained an appointment to join an exploring voyage then fitting out under Captain Vancouver. He accompanied that

officer in the ship *Discovery*, but in consequence of his perverseness and disobedience to orders, the result of his wayward and obstinate temper, he put his commander under the necessity of treating him with a severity which our friend would not endure; so that in the end he said good-bye to the *Discovery* in the Indian Seas, and joined the *Resistance* under Sir Edward Pakenham, where he gained the rank of lieutenant.

It was while serving on board this ship that he heard the news of his father's death, by which event a coronet and 20,000*l.* a year became his.

On returning to England in the October of 1796, he immediately sent a challenge to Captain Vancouver for the alleged ill-treatment he had received while serving under him. Vancouver was then retired and in poor health. But as a man of the world he appealed to the young man's reason, and urged the necessity of discipline on board ship. He even offered to submit the case to any flag-officer in the navy, and said that if the referee should decide this to be an "affair of honor," he would go out with Lieutenant Camelford.

Camelford probably thought it would be as well to leave "honor" out of the question, for he did not accept the captain's proposal. The wound, however, rankled deep in his breast, and he waited his opportunity, which in due course arrived. Meeting Vancouver one day in Bond Street, Lord Camelford insulted and tried to strike him. Had he been a plain Lieutenant Jones, or Smith, or Brown, he would no doubt have been cashiered for disrespect, but he was a Pitt, and cousin to the first lord of the Treasury—in those days a very awful personage—who wore a blue riband, and was respected accordingly, and Captain Vancouver could do nothing. It is said that the mortification and the humiliation of the outrage so preyed upon the mind of this deserving officer and distinguished navigator, that in the end it shortened his life, and he died of grief and chagrin instead of a pistol-shot.

Soon after this episode Lieutenant Camelford attained the rank of commander, and was appointed to the sloop *Favorite* on the West Indian station, though I fear he had yet to learn how to command himself.

On January 13th, 1798, that vessel and the *Perdrix* were lying at anchor in the harbor of Antigua, and it so happened that the captain of the latter was absent at St. Kitt's, and had left his lieutenant, a Mr. Peterson, in charge of the *Perdrix*. Lord Camelford, who was consequently pro tempore senior officer at the English harbor, issued some trifling order which Mr. Peterson did not think necessary to obey. High words ensued, and Peterson armed several of his crew and placed himself at their head with a drawn sword.

Lord Camelford, who seems to have had a decided penchant for summary disciplinarianism, called out his marines, boarded the *Perdrix*, and having asked Peterson if he meant to obey his order, and receiving an answer in the negative, he immediately retired, but soon returned with a pistol, and coming up to Peterson with it said again, "Lieutenant Peterson, do you still persist in not obeying my order?" "Yes, my lord," said Peterson, "I do persist." Thereupon Lord Camelford placed his pistol to Peterson's breast and shot the unfortunate man dead on the spot.

This event excited the utmost indignation in Antigua, for Lieutenant Peterson was much beloved; indeed Lord Camelford was only saved from being torn to pieces by surrendering himself to Captain Matson of the *Beaver* sloop, who placed him under arrest pending his trial by court-martial. The coroner's jury gave the cavalier verdict that Peterson had "lost his life in a mutiny;" but Camelford was taken to Martinique, where a court-martial sat on him, which, however, in due course "honorably" acquitted him, and so the matter dropped. Again, it was not a Jones or a Smith or a Brown, but a Pitt that had shot the lieutenant, and the Pitts were a "heaven-born race;" and just as "sin

is not sin in a duchess," so was it equally certain that "killing was no murder" when wrought by a peer of the realm in the good old days before the Corsican adventurer upset the nobility and gentry of the world.

But I doubt if the same law would hold good now as that which prevailed a hundred years ago in the history of the British navy when our grandfathers were young men.

Though Camelford after his acquittal resumed his naval duties, so many officers looked coldly upon this one-sided disciplinarian that he resigned his ship and retired from active service. While in the service it was his good pleasure to cut as rusty and eccentric a figure as marked his conduct through life. He would not wear epaulettes, but went about in an old lieutenant's coat, the buttons of which were "as green with verdigris as the ship's bottom itself." Nor was this all, for his head was shaved close and he wore an extravagant-looking gold-laced cocked hat. At the same time it is pleasant to record that though so severe a disciplinarian, he was particularly attentive to the comforts of the men, and very humane to the sick.

He was also well versed in mathematical science and theology; we are told that he studied the former in order to make himself a good captain, and the latter to enable him to puzzle the ship's chaplains, who were not in those days particularly remarkable for profound research.

He had not long returned to England when he took it into his hair brain to plan one of his mad freaks, which if he had managed to put into execution would probably have cost him his life. His plan was to repair to Paris, and once in that city, to attack personally and slay messieurs of the Republic *pour encourager les autres*. With this object in view, he took coach to Dover, where he cajoled a boatman with the tempting bait of twelve guineas and the polite fiction that he had some watches and muslins which he was anxious to dispose of in Calais, to convey him across the Channel, though at

that time so stringent was the law that it was nothing short of a capital offence to effect an embarkation to France.

The skipper of the boat having pocketed the twelve guineas betrayed him to a local collector of the revenue, who arrested his lordship in the act of stepping into the boat. And the triumphant collector lost no time in carrying him back to town in a post-chaise, under a strong guard, in order to be dealt with by the Privy Council. When taken, they found on him a brace of pistols, a two-edged dagger, and a letter of introduction in French. On his arrival at Whitehall, a Privy Council was immediately summoned, who recognized our hero, while Mr. Pitt despatched a messenger to Camelford's brother-in-law, Lord Grenville, requesting him to come to town immediately.

After several examinations his lordship was for the second time in his life discharged from custody. The lords of the council being satisfied that however irregular his conduct, his intentions were only such as he had represented them to be, and he had no other object in view than that of rendering a service to his country. His Majesty's pardon was therefore issued under the great seal.

This occurred in January, 1799, and at least two months seem to have elapsed before Lord Camelford's name was again brought before the public, though he continued to live on in London indulging himself by day and night in a series of endless skirmishes with constables, and in wrenching off numberless London door-knockers.

On the night of April 2nd, 1799, we find him causing a riot at the box office during the representation of "The Devil to Pay," breaking the windows and the chandeliers in the boxes, and insulting and mauling a gentleman named Humphreys without provocation. His lordship was by this time so well known to the constables of the night, that they took his word for his appearance next morning at the police office in Bow Street. Though he denied the charge, and asserted that Mr.

Humphreys had first assaulted him, he was not believed by the magistrates. Lord Camelford then tendered an apology which also was not accepted by the indignant Humphreys, who, as he had been twice knocked down the steps into the hall, and had suffered several violent blows in the face, sued the offender for damages, so that "my lord" had to answer for his conduct at the Westminster Sessions, and although he engaged for counsel the services of Mr. Thomas Erskine, afterwards lord chancellor, he found the jury less pliable than captains in a secret tribunal, and Humphreys obtained a verdict and 500*l*.

On another occasion when he and his boon companion, Captain Barrie, were returning home late one night, or rather early one morning, as they passed through Cavendish Square they found the "Charleys" asleep. Of course they woke them up, which was all very right, and thrashed them, which was all very wrong. At last the "Charleys" sprang their rattles, whereupon other more vigilant guardians of the night rushed upon the scene, and "my lord" and his friend, finding themselves overpowered by ten to two, laid down their arms and were as usual led off to the station-house. Next morning they were brought before his worship, where a present of sundry guineas to the injured "Charleys" enabled the sitting magistrate to admonish the delinquents with great good sense and eloquence, and in the end discharge them.

Many a night was passed in the watch-house, when he might have been lying in luxury in the best bed-chamber of Camelford House, Park Lane, or at least in his Bond Street lodgings. On such occasions he generally prevailed — being of a persuasive nature — upon the constable of the night to resign his place to him. He would then, with the utmost gravity, examine all the delinquents which were brought in by the watch, and rejoice in the opportunity of exercising the benevolence of his disposition by invariably discharging the offenders.

Such was Lord Camelford's night work; and although he so often spent those quiet hours in administering black eyes to many, this eccentric creature in the daytime was often to be found engaged in relieving the necessities of many. He was, as before mentioned, a curious mixture of vices and virtues, of studiousness and recklessness. We read in the columns of the *Gentleman's Magazine* that Lord Camelford was not only inclined to the more enlightened pursuits of literature, but his chemical researches were worthy of the highest praise. Sometimes he exhibits traces of a tender heart and of being singularly benevolent and forgiving; at other times he is unreasonably vindictive and barbarous. It was hard to predict what he would do or say on any given occasion, but the chances were it would be something with a strong flavor, good or bad.

Such a character in fiction would be pronounced incredible; yet such characters are not entirely unknown even in Biblical history. There was nothing which delighted him more than to stand out in direct contrast to the general public and find himself in a minority of one. In the House of Lords no doubt he would have been often able to gratify this whim; but, like certain noblemen of our own day, he had the good taste not to take his place as an "hereditary legislator;" indeed throughout his short career he rather shunned the "society of his peers," preferring instead the *ignobile vulgus* of the London streets.

In 1801, when all London was lit up in celebration of the return of peace, no persuasions would induce him to allow lights to be placed in the windows of his apartments, which were over a grocer's shop in Bond Street, though he had previously wished to go to Paris to end the war with a single blow. In vain did the grocer and his wife protest; in vain did his friends try their persuasion; he continued inexorable, and throughout the evening remained firm to his silly and wayward resolve. So, though all London was

illuminated, Camelford's windows remained dark as pitch.

This kind of thing was at that time always bitterly resented by a London mob. The canaille collected, and by way of preliminary saluted his windows with a shower of stones. Irritated by this treatment, the pugnacious peer sallied out, carrying a formidable bludgeon, and single-handed laid about him right and left. But the mob had cudgels too, and proceeded to show his lordship that they also knew how to use those weapons. They belabored him thoroughly, and in the end knocked him down and proceeded to roll him in the gutter. But the next night his windows were as dark as ever, though he had taken the precaution to fill the house with a party of armed sailors, and it seemed likely that the festivities attending the welcome peace would be the cause of yet more bloodshed. Fortunately the mob were in a good temper, or content with having thrashed him once; at any rate, he was left this time to mourn, or rather curse, alone the national weakness in coming to terms with "Bony."

The fact that he always showed an uncommon affection for his sister's two children proves that his character was not destitute of amiable qualities. For the gratification and amusement of these boys, he gave them a couple of ponies, and it was one of his favorite recreations to take them out riding. On these little expeditions if he perceived any laborers at work, he used to stop and engage them in conversation, and always made it his business to find out their circumstances, difficulties, and little family secrets. Never on these occasions did distress plead in vain, and he seldom parted from those whom he considered deserving objects of his bounty, without leaving behind some substantial mark of his favor. It was also his custom in order to test the disposition of his so-called friends, to occasionally represent himself as being greatly in want of money, and to request the loan of one or two thousand pounds. Some of those to whom he applied gave him the required sum,

which he generally returned in the course of a few days with a note of explanation.

His name was a terror to fops, for though Camelford House at the top of Park Lane was nominally his town residence, he lived chiefly in his bachelor quarters, or at clubs, and coffee-houses, where he would often go shabbily dressed to read the paper.

One day it chanced that a dashing beau full of airs and graces came into the same box in a coffee-house in Conduit Street, which Camelford was fond of frequenting, and threw himself into the opposite seat, at the same time calling out in a most consequential tone, "Waiter, bring a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles." Meanwhile, he drew Lord Camelford's candle towards himself, and began to read. The former glared at the intruder, but said nothing. In the course of a few minutes the buck's candles and wine were brought and set out in the next box into which he presently lounged. Then Camelford, mimicking his tone called out: "Waitaa, bring me a pair of snuffaas." These being brought his lordship walked round with them to the other box, snuffed out both candles and leisurely returned to his seat. "Waitaa, waitaa, waitaa," roared the indignant beau boiling and blustering with rage, "who is this fellow that dares thus to insult a gentleman? who is he? who is he?"

"Lord Camelford, sir!" said the waiter.

"Lord Camelford!" returned the former in horror-stricken accents. "*Lord Camelford!* What have I to pay?" And he immediately laid down his score, and stole away, leaving his Madeira untasted.

At length Lord Camelford's irritable disposition, which had already involved him in endless quarrels and disputes, paved the way to the tragic ending of a life which was such a strange compound of good and bad.

It would appear that for some time he had been *épris* of a certain lady of the name of Simmons. One day early in 1804, some officious retailer of gossip

represented to the touchy nobleman that a certain Mr. Best had said something to his prejudice to this woman. The inflammable nobleman immediately took fire, so that happening to meet this Mr. Best on the 6th of March at the Prince of Wales coffee-house, Lord Camelford went up to him and said loud enough to be heard by all present: "I find, sir, that you have spoken of me in the most unwarrantable terms." Mr. Best quietly replied, "that he was quite ignorant of anything to deserve such a charge;" Camelford replied that he knew otherwise, and called him "a scoundrel, a liar, and a ruffian."

After making use of such epithets as these, there was—according to the code of honor of those days—but one course open to Mr. Best. A meeting was proposed for the following morning, and each of the parties having appointed his second, it was left to them to arrange the time and place, which was accordingly fixed to take place at seven o'clock in a meadow behind Holland House.

Meantime every means was used to prevent the necessity of a duel, and it certainly seems to have been entirely Lord Camelford's fault that the affair was allowed to be proceeded with. In the course of the evening, Mr. Best, although he had been so grossly insulted, sent to his lordship the strongest assurance that the information he received was unfounded, and that as Lord Camelford had acted under a false impression he would be quite satisfied if his lordship would withdraw the strong epithets which he had used. But Lord Camelford was too proud to accept this kindly and sensible offer.

Meanwhile the proprietors of the coffee-house and some mutual friends among the bystanders lodged an information at Marlborough Street, but though the magistrates were thus early let into the secret, it appears that according to the usual dilatoriness with regard to such matters (as in the case of the celebrated duel between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton, nearly a century before that) no steps

were taken to prevent the encounter until too late.

Not until nearly two o'clock in the morning did any of the Marlborough Street emissaries reach Lord Camelford's door, by which time the bird had flown. For his lordship, who had gained no little experience in matters of honor, had taken good care to "efface" himself from his Bond Street lodging, and slept the night instead at a tavern in Oxford Street.

He employed the quiet hours of this his last night upon earth in making his will, bequeathing his estates to his sister, Lady Grenville. In this he inserted a clause which proves him to have done at least one just and noble act, for in it he wholly acquits his antagonist of blame by a positive statement that he was the aggressor in every sense. "Should I therefore lose my life in a contest of my own seeking, I most solemnly forbid my friends or relations from instituting any vexatious proceeding against my antagonist;" and he further adds that if, "notwithstanding the above declaration, the laws of the land be put in force against him, I desire that this part of my will may be made known to the king."

Early the following morning Mr. Best called at the coffee-house in Oxford Street, where he made a last effort to prevail upon his lordship to retract the expressions he had used. "Camelford," said he, "we have been friends, and I know the generosity of your nature. Upon my honor you have been imposed upon by Mrs. Simmons. Do not insist on using expressions which in the end may cause the death of either you or me."

To this Lord Camelford replied with some emotion, "Best, this is child's play; the thing must go on." Yet in his own heart he acquitted Mr. Best, for he acknowledged in confidence to his second that he was in the wrong. The reason of all this obstinacy probably lay in the fact that Best had the credit of being a fatal shot, and Camelford fancied his reputation might suffer if he made a concession, however slight, to such a person.

Unable to come to terms the two principals mounted their horses and rode along the Uxbridge Road, past the wall which then bounded Kensington Gardens and so came to the Horse and Groom, a little beyond Notting Hill turnpike-gate. At the Horse and Groom they dismount, cross the road, and proceed at a rapid pace along the path towards the fields at the back of Holland House. It was now about eight o'clock, and the sun had just risen upon a wild March morning, the seconds measured the ground and placed their men at a distance of thirty paces. One or two of Lord Holland's outdoor servants were up and about the grounds, but while they stood and stared, the signal was given and Lord Camelford fired first and missed. A quarter of a minute more, Best hesitated, and some think he even now asked his adversary to retract, but the signal was repeated, and he fired, whereupon Lord Camelford was seen to fall at full length to the ground. But he was not dead yet, though he would never stand again, and oh! irony of ironies, he declared that he "was satisfied."

They all ran to pick him up, and he gave his hand to his antagonist, saying, "Best, I am a dead man, and though you have killed me I fully forgive you; it was not your fault."

The report of firearms had alarmed several other persons, so that Best was obliged to seek safety in flight. One of the gardeners was sent for a surgeon, and a sedan chair was soon procured, in which Lord Camelford was carried off to Little Holland House, where he was attended by two surgeons, an express being sent off to his brother-in-law, Lord Grenville, and to his cousin the Rev. Mr. Cockburn. He was put to bed and his clothes cut off him, but from the first the surgeons gave no hope, for the bullet was buried in the body and could not be extracted, and the lower limbs were paralyzed by its action.

He lingered in great agony for three whole days, when mortification set in and put an end to his sufferings. Thus

died Thomas Pitt Lord Camelford at the early age of twenty-nine, in the prime and full vigor of manhood, by a death entirely due to his own wilful obstinacy and foolish pride.

To his cousin, Mr. Cockburn, who remained with him until he expired, he is said to have spoken with deep contrition of his past life, and in the moments of his greatest pain cried out that he sincerely hoped the agonies he then endured might expiate the sins he had committed.

"I wish," says Mr. Cockburn, "with all my soul, that the unthinking votaries of dissipation and infidelity could have been present at the death-bed of this poor man, could have heard his expressions of contrition and of reliance on the mercy of his Creator; could have heard his dying exhortation to one of his intimate friends, to live in future a life of peace and virtue. I think it would have made an impression on their minds, as it did on mine, not easily to be effaced."

He was a man, says Cockburn, whose real character was but little known to the world; his imperfections and his follies were often brought before the public, but the counterbalancing virtues he manifested were but little heard of. Though violent to those whom he imagined to have wronged him, yet to his acquaintances he was mild, affable, and courteous; a stern adversary, but the kindest and most generous of friends. That warmth of disposition, which prompted him so unhappily to great improprieties, prompted him also to the most lively efforts of active benevolence. From the many prisons in the metropolis, from the various receptacles of human misery, he received numberless petitions; and no petition ever came in vain. He was often the dupe of the designing and crafty supplicant, but he was more often the reliever of real sorrow, and the soother of unmerited woe. Constantly would he make use of that influence which rank and fortune gave him with the government to interfere on behalf of those malefactors whose crimes had subjected them to

punishment; but in whose cases appeared circumstances of alleviation. He was passionately fond of science, and though his mind, while a young seaman, had been little cultivated, yet in his later years he had acquired a prodigious fund of information, upon almost every subject connected with literature. In early life he had gloried much in puzzling the chaplains of the ships in which he had served, and to enable him to gain such triumphs, he had read all the sceptical books he could procure, and thus his mind became involuntarily tainted with infidelity. But as his judgment grew more matured, he discovered of himself the fallacy of his reasonings, and the folly of living an irreligious life.

On the day after his death, an inquest was held upon his body, when, strange as it may sound to those who have read this brief history, twelve wise and enlightened inhabitants of the rural village of Kensington, for such it was when George III. was king, unanimously returned a verdict of "Wilful murder," against some person or persons unknown.

It is evident from all I have said, that Lord Camelford had in him the elements of a good naval officer; but he was proud, and obstinate beyond measure, and never could be brought to bow to the rules and requirements of the service. From a child he would not obey or be amenable to reason; he delighted to set all authority at defiance; at school it was the same, afterwards in the navy; and he was true to his character to the very last. The day before his death he wrote or rather dictated a codicil to his will. In it he requests his relations not to wear mourning for him, and then gives particular instructions as to the disposal of his remains after death.

In this remarkable document he prefaced his wish by the statement that while other persons desired to be buried in their native land however great the distance might be, he on the contrary wished to be interred in a distant land. "I wish my body," says he, "to be removed as soon as

may be convenient, to a country far distant, to a spot not near the haunts of men, but where the surrounding scenery may smile upon my remains." He then went into details. This place was by the lake of St. Pierre, in the canton of Berne, in Switzerland, and the exact spot was marked by three trees. He desired that the centre tree might be taken up, and his body placed in the cavity, and that no monument or stone might mark the place. He then gave a reason for this selection: "At the foot of this tree I formerly passed many hours in solitude contemplating the mutability of human affairs;" and as a compensation, he left the proprietors of the spot described, 1,000*l*. That at eleven years of age he or any other boy should have meditated under trees upon the "mutability of human affairs," is nonsense. He was meditating upon that subject as he lay a-dying, and it was then that he remembered the green meadows, the blue lake, and the peaceful hours in the place where he had spent his innocent childhood, when he little dreamed that he should kill poor Peterson by a pistol-shot, and be killed by a pistol himself in retribution.

But in this matter of the disposal of his remains he was not destined to have his own way. The body was removed the day after his death from Kensington to Camelford House, and thence on the 17th March it was taken and placed within the vaults of St. Anne's, Soho, beside the coffin which held the remains of Theodore, king of Corsica, pending its removal to Switzerland; for preparations had actually been made to carry out Lord Camelford's wishes. He was embalmed and his remains packed up for transportation in an enormously long fish-basket in place of a shell. But at the last moment, when all was ready, war was again proclaimed and the body was unable to be transported. It was thereupon placed temporarily in a magnificent coffin ornamented with a profusion of silver clasps and covered with rose-colored velvet and surmounted by a coronet, and with the following in-

scription: "The Right Hon. Lord Camelford, died 10th March, 1804, aged 29 years." His body still lies where it was first temporarily interred, for the war lasted a long while, and at its close Lord Camelford's remains were forgotten, and there seems never to have been any further attempt to carry out the testamentary wishes of the deceased peer. Many persons have actually been shown by former vergers of St. Anne's what purported to be the coffin containing all that remained of Lord Camelford, probably fish-basket and all, but of late years the vaults under the church have been filled with sawdust. There he most probably will remain until the "last trumpet shall sound" buried in sawdust, alongside the coffin of that other eccentric individual, the adventurer, Theodore, king of Corsica. At any rate, there seems little chance that he will ever rest in the romantic spot he fancied, and paid for.

His fine property of Boconnoc Park, Cornwall, he bequeathed to his sister Anne, Lady Grenville, who was his sole executrix. He also left considerable sums to be devoted to charitable purposes. Lady Grenville outlived her brother sixty years, dying in full possession of her faculties, at the age of ninety in the year 1863.

From *The Revue des Revues*.
MENTAL WORK.

WHEN I say that a man has a horror of work, I mean the work of original production of ideas and not that of exercise, by means of which the mental organs are kept in a state of health. For instance, that which is commonly called the imaginative faculty, taken in its restricted sense, is only the faculty of associating a great many mental images together, in order to realize numerous and varied combinations of these, which, in certain cases, produce great psychic pleasure. Take a volume of poems, written by some fanciful poet, as Shelley or Baudelaire; these verses excite in us images and their

many and varied combinations, and give to our imaginations the means of exercising it very pleasantly. This is *exercise*. Real work, on the contrary, would be that of evoking these images in the mind without the exterior means of poetry, painting, sculpture, etc., exactly as the poet, painter, and sculptor create the works which later set to work the imagination of men. Everybody reads books, but very few write them; and of those who do write, very few really work, that is, write original things, which are the result of personal mental associations; the others imitate or copy, which, again, is but mental exercise. Receptivity, that is, the faculty of comprehending and assimilating ideas, is very common; but true creative power, on the contrary, is very rare.

But there is another, and still more decisive proof, in support of the theory of the least effort. Not only is almost all that which is commonly called work simply exercise, but real work tends to become transformed into exercise. Every mental act, several times repeated, becomes automatic; thus, for example, certain associations of ideas, which become established in the mind, finish, if often repeated, by being so closely united, that one of these ideas evokes all the others, without the least mental effort. Every one knows that each writer and each scholar has his own particular character; it would be impossible to confound a romance of Zola with one of Dickens; a drama of Shakespeare with one of Goethe; a book of Spencer with one of Hegel. Now the character of a writer is only the result of the transformation of creative work into mental exercise.

At first the writer or scholar was obliged to make an effort in order to affirm his originality, that is to say, in order to study the phenomena of life according to his temperament and intellectual inclinations; he was obliged to create his style, if an artist, and his method and system, if a scholar; in brief, he was obliged to accustom his mind to work in a certain way. When the intellectual habits are formed, work becomes much easier, but also less original. The work is better done, more rapidly, but everything has a common character. Take the series of Spencer's works, "First Principles," "Principles of Biology," "Psychology," "Sociology," etc. You find here the same fundamental principle, that of evolution, applied to different phenomena, and the same simple style, a little hard, but of a precision which has never been surpassed. Take all the romances of Balzac or of Zola; the general construction, the framework, the fundamental type of characters, the method of psychological analysis, the style, are the same. A few writers of more powerful genius have succeeded in creating several types of art, as, for example, Shakespeare; but in general, all great writers have the one form of art. Those who succeed in making an original creation of each work, write very little and leave few works. Great philosophers remain prisoners of their systems, because, having once created a grand theory, they are not capable of another creative effort, and observe facts according to the theory to which their minds are accustomed. The artist ends by having mannerisms, because accustomed to see and represent things in a certain way.

GUILLAUME FERRERO.

LONG DISTANCE SEEING MACHINE.—It is said that Professor Andrew Graham Bell is now engaged in experiments looking to the perfecting of a machine harnessing electricity to light, so to speak, so that it will be possible for one's vision to be ex-

tended to any distance desired. Professor Bell insists that the fact has already been demonstrated, and that it only remains to construct the apparatus necessary to bring the possibilities of the discovery into actual and practical use.

